# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XII.—No. 622.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1868. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1868, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

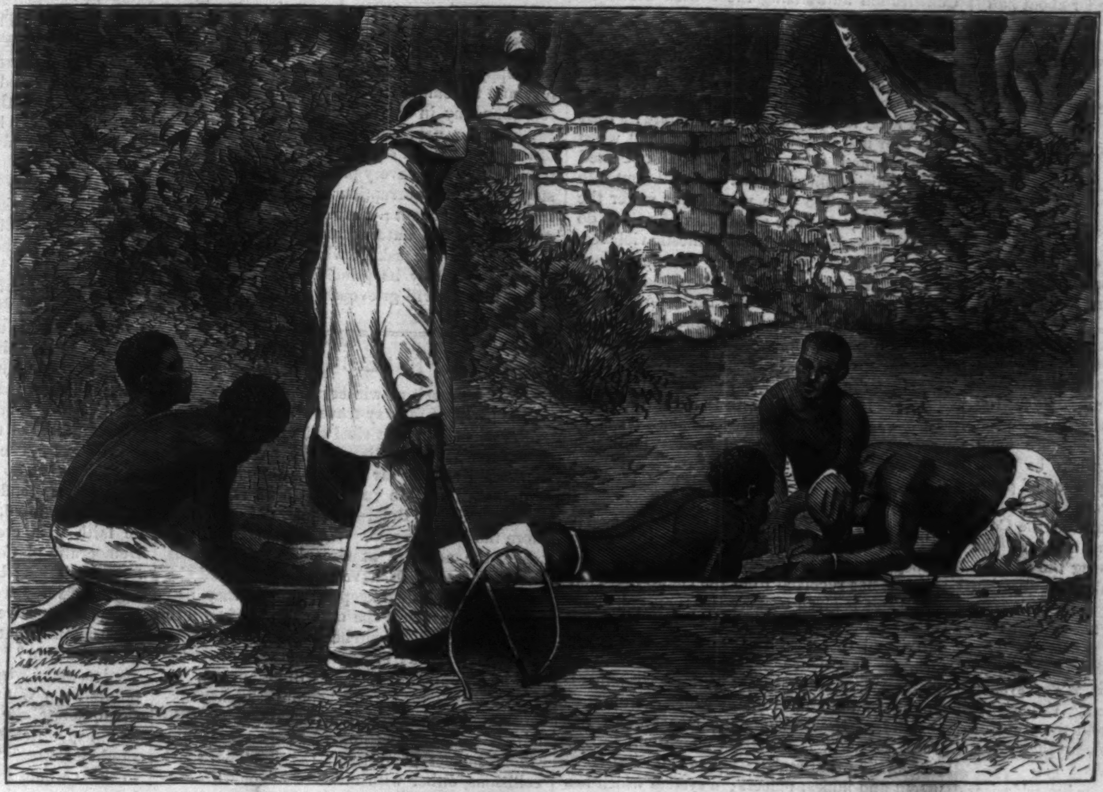
## CUBAN AFFAIRS.

For some weeks the island of Cuba has been a prominent object of attention. Its affairs are in a very unsettled condition. It has caught the contagion of the Spanish revolutionary fever; but the insurrection in Cuba has a very different purpose from that which has overturned the throne of the Bourbons. The Cubans desire independence of their mother country, and it would not be a surprising event if the "gem of the Antilles" should suddenly drop out of the Spanish diadem. The provisional government does not look with favor upon the sale of this island to the United States; it has appointed a new Governor-General, and sent reinforcements to assist the Cuban authorities in suppressing the rebellion. In addition to its intestine troubles Cuba is reported to be again threatened with an invasion of "filibusters" from this country.

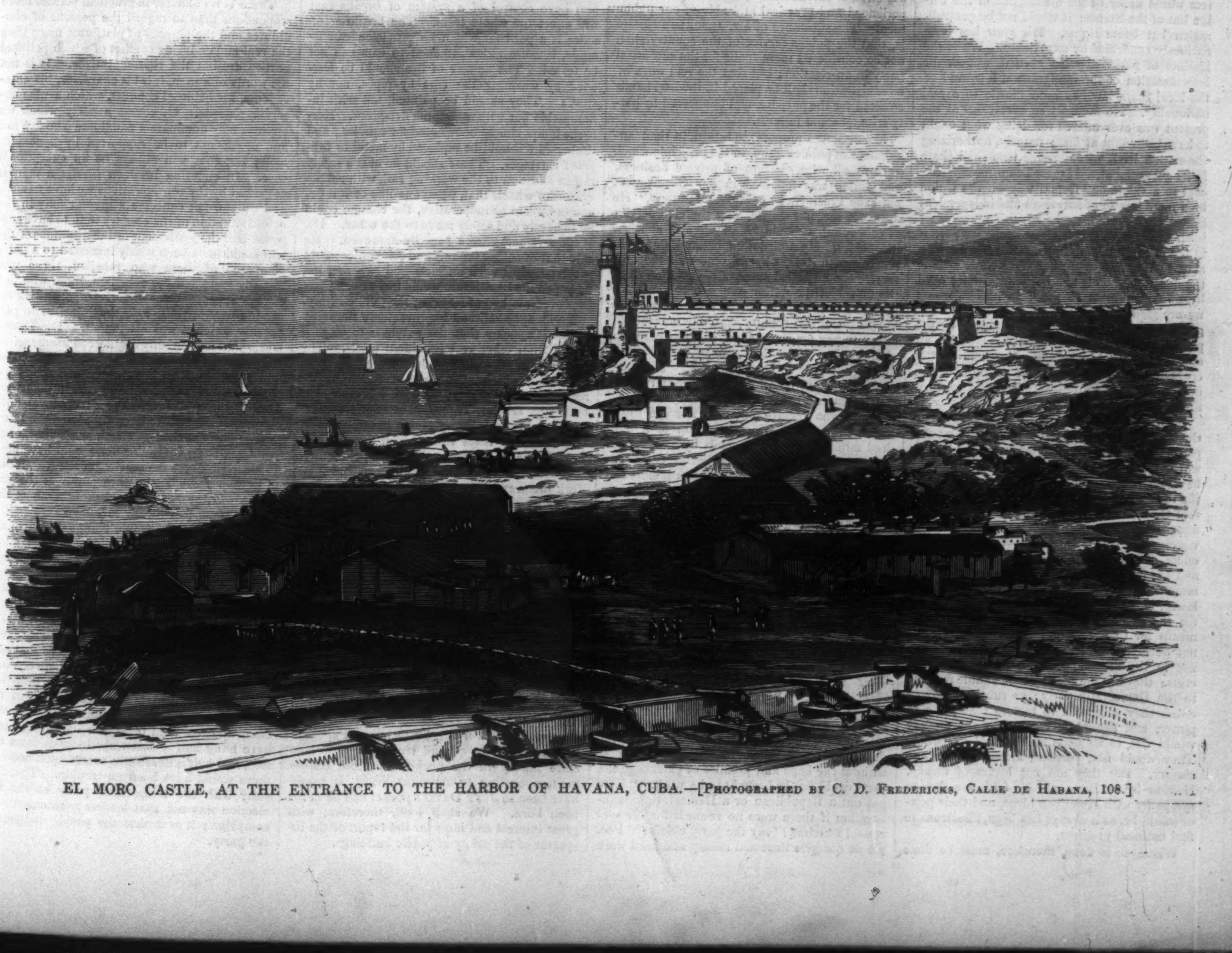
Cuba is the most important of the Spanish colonial possessions. The census of 1862 gives the island a population of 1,359,238, of which nearly one-half is colored. The number of slaves then amounted to 368,550. It is a curious fact that of this slave population there were eleven males to six females. The cultivated lands under sugar, coffee, tobacco, and gardens were estimated in 1858 at nearly two millions of acres. There were 1238 sugar estates, employing 138,701 persons; 1838 coffee plantations, employing 114,760 persons; and 42,549 farms, with 393,993 persons. In 1760 the produce of coffee and sugar together in Cuba amounted only to five millions of pounds; in forty years this was increased to forty millions; and in 1820 the exports exceeded one hundred millions. From 1853 to 1858 the yearly export of sugar alone amounted to over seven hundred millions of pounds. One-third of the whole commerce of Cuba is with the United States, notwithstanding the onerous duties imposed.

One-half of the revenue derived from the island is absorbed in supporting the military department of the government. Nearly the whole of the troops are soldiers from Spain, whose period of service is generally limited to three years.

The policy of the United States in regard to Cuba has been opposed to the possession of the island by France or England. In 1848 President POLK authorized the American Minister at Madrid to offer $100,000,000 for the transfer of the island to the United States, but Spain peremptorily declined to entertain the proposition. The following year LOPEZ and other Cu-



PUNISHING SLAVES IN CUBA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. D. FREDERICKS, CALLE DE HABANA, 108.]



EL MORO CASTLE, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR OF HAVANA, CUBA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. D. FREDERICKS, CALLE DE HABANA, 108.]

bans, who in consequence of some attempted revolutionary movements had been obliged to fly the island, resorted to this country and represented the creole population as dissatisfied with Spanish rule and ready for annexation to the United States. Recruits were collected for the purpose of invading Cuba. The first attempt was thwarted by our Government; but in 1851 LOPEZ with 500 men effected a landing on the island, but made no impression, and were soon captured. Recent preparations, it is said, have been secretly made on a much larger scale for a "filibustering" expedition to Cuba.

Just now there is no good reason why Americans should desire the annexation of Cuba, especially when we consider that the island is now to enjoy, together with Spain, all the benefits of a liberal Government.

One of the illustrations on our first page shows one of the methods of punishing slaves in Cuba. The other is engraved from a photograph of El Moro Castle, which is one of the six forts constructed for the defense of the city and harbor. The harbor has a narrow entrance for about half a mile before it fairly opens into the bay. The largest fort for the defense of Havana is La Cabana, which, in time of war, requires a garrison of 2000 men.


# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1868.


## AMENDING THE CONSTITUTION.

THOSE who ostentatiously express a profound reverence for the Constitution as an almost "inspired" document and work of miraculous wisdom ought, at least, to make themselves familiar with the circumstances of its origin, and to remember that no part of it is more to be revered than that which provides for its amendment. The state of public feeling at the time of the formation of the Constitution made the instrument purposely obscure upon points that experience has shown to be vital. Although the fear of a central power had paralyzed the Confederation, and brought the country into the most humiliating position, the Constitutional Convention met and acted in the shadow of that fear, and by leaving the relation of the States to the Union a half open question doomed the country to settle it by civil war. The Constitution sketches a noble frame of government, but it is by no means an "inspired" work, and nothing is more stupidly perilous than superstition about it. The system it proposed was wholly untried. Experience has revealed serious defects, and the duty of wise and patriotic citizens is to ease the system wherever friction has appeared.

In nothing did HAMILTON show himself wiser than in the perception that the peril in our system would never be the assumption of the Union but of the States; it would not be centralization but State rights. His view has been curiously confirmed by experience. While the instinct of nationality has been deepened, the interpretation of the fundamental law, and of the local State law has been hostile to a real nationality. No moment so auspicious as the present was ever offered for doing what ought to have been done at first; namely, authorizing the nation itself to determine who shall share in its government. If there be no nation—except in a vague and formal way—if the Union be a mere league of sovereign and independent States, each State must be left to determine for itself whom it will authorize to take part for it in the general deliberations. But if we are an actual nation, we ought ourselves to determine the question. This can be done without cavil by an amendment to the Constitution, which we are glad to know will be submitted to Congress, and which we hope will be ratified by the proper number of State Legislatures. Such an amendment would settle one long and angrily contested question lying at the very foundation of the national peace—and it would settle it finally and beyond the pretense of quibbling.

Such an amendment must be conceived in the most generous spirit; but generosity is compatible with wisdom. Nothing gained by the war ought to be seriously imperiled. It would be a very poor compliment to the sincerity or to the tenacity of the Southern leaders to suppose that General GRANT's election as President has done beyond all question what General GRANT's victory over LEE failed to achieve. It has this effect, of course, that it shows WADE HAMPTON and his friends the intention of the people to maintain the consequences of the war by all lawful means—and it compels those gentlemen, for the present, to use no other than lawful means for their own purposes. But we need not deceive ourselves. Those gentlemen are not in the ascendant. But they are Democrats; they are the men of indomitable purpose in the Democratic party; as subalterns or as chiefs they will work to restore that party to power, and should it come into power they would rise to its head and control its policy. They would not, perhaps, attempt to restore slavery. But they are not lovers of liberty. Neither by tradition nor by faith are they in sympathy with American ideas, and their power would be, as it always has been, disastrous to real national progress.

Whatever is done, therefore, must be done in a way which will not necessarily help the schemes of these persons. Look, for instance, at Louisiana and Georgia. Georgia, as a reconstructed State, instantly expels from the Legislature citizens lawfully elected and unaccused of crime, thereby giving the power to the men of whom we speak. Louisiana, reconstructed, falls a prey to anarchy; and in the city of New Orleans the men of whom we speak take absolute possession of the polls. The fault is not in the reconstruction policy, it is in the sympathy of the Executive with the late rebels. If, when Louisiana was threatened with domestic violence, Governor WARMOTH could have invoked the aid of a President who was not hostile to loyal men in that State Messrs. ROUSSEAU and STEEDMAN would not have represented the National Government there, and loyal men would have voted. Thus, if the Executive of the United States is favorable to domestic violence in a State, the clause of the Constitution authorizing the United States to protect the State becomes inoperative, as we have just seen in Louisiana.

Or suppose that there had been universal enfranchisement, and Mayor MONROE had been Governor of Louisiana, what possible protection would loyal men have had in the State? Just what they had in South Carolina in 1860, when Governor and State authorities and United States judicial officers in the State all went into rebellion. As the case now stands under the Constitution, when the authorities of a State do not invoke assistance against domestic violence, there is no remedy except the remote process of a suit in a court, which is no remedy at all; and if the authorities of the State do demand that aid of a President who refuses to give it, there is also no remedy. Is there any necessity of such a ridiculous dead lock? Is it not clear that the constitutional provision needs revision? If we take care to increase the political power of the disaffected element, let us at least not diminish the security of loyal citizens.

## A VITAL REFORM.

THE responsibility of the Republican party is in proportion to the unmeasured confidence which it has received from the country. That confidence is given because the country honestly trusts the purpose and the capacity of the party, and therefore expects from it such reforms as experience has plainly shown to be necessary, as well as that general wisdom of administration and economy which are the first demands. Now, among the measures of the truest economy is a system which will intrust the details of administration to the most competent and honest officers; a system which has been already proposed in Congress by Mr. JENCKES of Rhode Island, one of the most experienced and practical and able of our public men. The substance of Mr. JENCKES's system is, that the public service of the country shall not be considered mere spoils for the successful party in an election; but that the real work of administration shall be placed in the best hands selected for the purpose, and unaffected by party triumphs and failures.

Mr. JENCKES proposes to return, in the management of public affairs, to the principle which governs all wise conduct of private business, and which was followed in our Government until the Presidency of General JACKSON. He does not see, nor do we, why the civil service of this country should be a system of alms for incapables. He does not understand, and what sensible man does, why an officer of the civil service should be ashamed of his position while the officer of the military service is honorably proud of his. Above all, he does not see why the people of this country should be enormously taxed to pay for a slip-shod, shiftless, wasteful civil service, where less money would secure ability, competency, and economy. There are probably eighty or a hundred thousand subordinate offices in this service. They are filled by men who receive upon an average say a thousand dollars. Here is a sum of a hundred millions secured as spoils by a successful party. The consequence is that every national election is a contest of the most needless and perilous excitement. The party in power taxes all office-holders to the utmost. Those office-holders are fighting for their bread-and-butter, and their opponents are the hungry who are trying to fill their own mouths. The country suffers in every way, materially and morally. For the ins came in for party service, not for official competency; and the outs have precisely the same credentials, and no other. Reform the civil service upon the principles of common-sense and of all business experience, and we should diminish by nine-tenths the expenses of every great election, and incalculably lessen party acrimony while we saved as incalculably by intelligent and capable administration.

The difficulty in the way of such a bill is the fear of party managers upon all sides that without the hope and promise of patronage the party could not be brought to its work. "How put out a Republican or a Democratic administration if there were no rewards for the successful warriors?" say the party chiefs: "People do not give time and money and hard work for the love of their party principles, but for the hope of party plunder." But suppose this were true of the bulk of every party, what then? The proposed reform would take the plunderers and bummers out of the leadership, the practical dictatorship in the caucus which they now enjoy, and the advantage to the country would be inconceivable. Suppose some such system as Mr. JENCKES's introduced, for instance, into the municipal service of New York, how long would the reign of the Ring, of Messrs. SWEENY, TWEED, and HOFFMAN, be what it has been? No law can abolish knavery, but there are many laws that baffle knavery. And the civil service reform would not only baffle knavery, but it would incredibly increase efficiency and fidelity.

This is a reform which can be accomplished only by the Republican party, and the opportunity was never so auspicious as now. There is an imperious demand of economy upon the new administration, and there is a disposition to cease for the present mere partisan hostility to General GRANT. While he pacifies the disordered States let his administration also have the happy renown of doing more to soothe party fury and to remove the latent perils of our system than any in our history. To secure and confirm reconstruction upon the great principle of the protection of equal rights; to reduce the public expenses in every practicable way, and to stop the fearful corruption which is undermining the government; thoroughly to investigate and reform the naturalizations laws and the civil service—are tasks to which the Republican party is called by its principles and character, and which it will grievously fail if it does not perform.

## THE PUBLIC SAFETY.

THE approach of winter reminds the public of the perils of railway travel; and we all read with satisfaction that steel rails have been laid upon the Hudson River Road as far up as Peekskill, and as far down as Poughkeepsie, and that the same rails are to be laid upon the New Haven Road—the task not to occupy more than three years. We hope not. Meanwhile, the accident at Greenbush reminds us that the steel rails have not been laid all the way down to Poughkeepsie; and if they had been, there are still the other forms of peril to be encountered. Switches will be misplaced; wheels will break; bridges will crumble; tracks will be "jumped," and cars will be burned.

The society for practical engineering has taken the matter in hand, and Dr. HALL has submitted some suggestions. He surveyed the whole subject of railroad risks. There are collisions, either with other trains or with other obstructions, cattle, wagons, rocks, etc. As the engineer is the first person to see them, let him have control of a system of breaks that will affect the whole train. The breaking of axles is a peril for which no provision can be made, because axles attached to cars can not be tested. The danger of fire should be lessened by warming the cars by pipes, not by stoves. They should be painted, not with inflammable but with something fire-proof. Kerosene lamps should be rejected for candles; and timber cars should be replaced by metal or fire-proof carriages. There should be also a safety rail in addition to the working rail, with such a system of wheels that, when one line or rail becomes broken or inoperative, the change could be instantly and safely made to the other. Dr. HALL's remarks were heartily approved. He said that of course the railroad companies would protest against such an increased expense, but he hoped the Legislature would insist upon some improved method of securing the public safety.

Besides the railroad improvements thus suggested it appears that the public is to be protected from other very imminent perils. The inspector of the safety of buildings or some gentleman who discharges that function, has recently returned from Europe, where he has been very sensibly impressed with the conviction that in that country places of amusements are not mere traps from which escape is a Providential interference. He has, therefore, begun a tour of inspection through the New York theatres. The wary officer probably goes by day so as to make sure of his own escape. Whoever goes by night to any temple of the Muses in this city has no excuse for not knowing that he puts himself in imminent peril. A cry of fire, an actual fire, or a panic in any one of those temples, would result in a catastrophe which could not be treated in a tone of badinage. And if the inspector will make a thorough examination and an ample and faithful report, telling the public just where they are in most danger, and showing them how and why, he will have performed a most important service.

If the impression, which we certainly share, that many of our places of amusements are mere traps, is incorrect, let us know it upon an authority that we can all trust, and it will be more money in the pockets of those resorts than, according to Artemus Ward, it would have been in JEFF DAVIS's pocket had he never been born. We shall look, therefore, with great interest and hope for the report of the inspector of the safety of public buildings.

## WHY THIS IS THUS.

GOLDSMITH's critic was of opinion that the picture would have been better if the painter had taken more pains: and there are a great many ingenious gentlemen who declare that if the Democrats had managed a little differently—had taken their advice, for instance—the result of the election might have been very different. They are very sure that if the party had not approved repudiation; if it had thrown off the Copperhead and rebel influence; if it had nominated an original anti-slavery leader, like Judge CHASE; if WADE HAMPTON, FORREST, TOOMBS, COBB, SEMMES, and Company had held their tongues; if FRANK BLAIR hadn't written his BRODHEAD letter—why then, things being otherwise, they would have been different. Mr. Nasby puts the whole case of these wise gentlemen in saying, "Our platform wuz agin us. Hed it been different in all partiklers, we shood hev polled more votes, pervided, uv course, that we hed hed different men standin onto it. This is cleer. The Republikin platform was agin us. Hed they made a different platform, and put other men onto it—their platform and their men bein both more objectionable to the people, and our platform and our men bein less objectionable to the people—the result wood hev been far different. This is cleer."

This reasoning in different language is precisely the same reasoning; and as a grave statement it is very ridiculous. Undoubtedly the silence of the Democratic platform upon the subject of national honesty, and the nomination of the President of the Freedman's Commission would have helped the party, because the issue would have been obscured. But what sensible man seriously thinks the prospect of genuine peace in the country would have been so promising as it now is if Mr. CHASE had been elected by the co-operation of Tammany Hall and of the authors of the black codes in the Southern States? The real question of the election was this, what do the character, the traditions, the necessary tendencies of the two parties promise? We wanted, for instance, to keep the public faith with creditors and freedmen. The Democratic platform might not have declared for repudiation; but which party do the repudiators support? would have been the question. It might not have insisted upon a white man's government; but which party do the negro-haters sustain? We wanted intelligence and justice, and a wise heroism in dealing with public affairs. With what party do the ignorant, the dissolute, the apologists for slavery, and the technical strict constructionists act? These would have been the questions, and the answers to them would have been only confused if the issues between the parties had not been as plainly drawn as, happily, they were.

There is no blunder in practical politics more stupendous than to regard the persons of candidates and the phrases of platforms more than the real and enduring conflict of which political parties are but the representatives. It is not the words of a man, it is his character, his antecedents, his habitual conduct, which a wise observer regards. Of course a party which we approve may nominate a candidate who can not and ought not to be supported by honorable men; but that will always be an exceptional case. In choosing between parties a man is governed by the considerations we have named, and we can not conceive a greater folly in the actual situation of the country than to have supposed that the settlement of the questions of the war could have been wisely intrusted to a party composed of those who rebelled, those who morally sustained the rebellion, those who had always supported the theories upon which secession was justified and the injustice to perpetuate which it was attempted. The Democratic platform verbally acquiesced in emancipation and union; but the Democratic theories and policy were all pro-slavery, and the secession Virginia and Kentucky resolutions were Democratic traditions. For a truly loyal, anti-slavery Union man to have supported the Democratic party at the late election, whether it had nominated Mr. CHASE or not, would have been as senseless as for the patriots of the Revolution to have put the Tories into power at the end of the war, or for an English Liberal, at the present time, to vote for Mr. DISRAELI in the expectation that he would be as faithful to reform as JOHN BRIGHT.

As for the Laodiceans who believe that one party is as good or as bad as another; that JOHN BRIGHT is a reformer for his own purposes, and that the Republicans in this country merely *exploit* the negro—it certainly makes very little difference how they vote. But he is a very poor philosopher who supposes that parties indicate nothing but a game between ambitious individuals, and does not see that they represent profound tendencies in human nature. GARRETT DAVIS is the type of this wisdom, who was fond of saying that if he could have hung half a dozen abolitionists upon one tree, and half a dozen fire-eaters upon another, there would have been no trouble. The difficulty with the Democratic party at the late election was not that leaders mismanaged the campaign; it was that the people understand the party.

## CHEAPNESS OF LIFE IN AMERICA.

The shocking accident at the Fulton Ferry will make a few persons more careful—that is all. It will not lead to greater official care—it will not lessen the exposure and the peril—but some few persons will hereafter wait until the boat is fast or nearly so, before they press out to the extremest edge, and possibly, now and then—one passenger in a week or a month—may decline to go in a boat so packed that, in case of accident of any kind, disaster is inevitable. There has been a piteous display of the details of the sad accident, and in the lull of other excitement a great deal of skill has been devoted to the elaboration of this. But the truth is, that human life is cheap in this country. With the Ku-Klux Klan and the constant murders going on in certain States of which the report is read every morning, it is impossible that it should be otherwise. We laugh a good deal at England. Well, at least, Englishmen don't permit each other to be butchered. Suppose that every morning brought to the readers of the *Times* stories of such slaughter in Yorkshire, for instance, as we read of in Louisiana and elsewhere—something would be done as well as said.

The paternal governments of the Continent attend to details which we scorn. We should be very much wiser if we did not scorn them; and this is coming to be seen. Upon the best ordered railroads, for instance, those only are permitted to pass into the station who have tickets as passengers. The result is, that those who are not travelers do not occupy the best seats until the train starts, and in the rush of escape their legs are not broken under the cars. There is a ludicrous indignation upon the part of some very worthy people at the refusal to have every thing their own way in traveling. But one of the best lessons of experience is that it is not wise that they should. All baggage at the risk of the owner is an excellent maxim, but when it breaks your neighbor's shins, he wishes for some better protection than an excellent maxim. Then there is a favorite philosophy which declares that the way to avoid danger is to take risks—also an excellent maxim, but against them all we plead that there is reason in roasting eggs. It is certainly a great deal pleasanter, and in every way better, that a great crowd at a ticket-office should be forced into a queue and compelled to remain there, rather than to jam and squeeze, every man with as good a right to plant his elbows in his neighbor's ribs as his neighbor to do the same. Society has some rights as well as the individual.

The packing of people into boats and cars is something that should be remedied by the people themselves, not individually by crowding and insulting, but by law. It is very foolish for us to blame the Union Ferry Company or any other company for doing what we all daily countenance. The street railroads make great sums of money—and the street railroads do just as they choose. We have often referred to our old and familiar friend, the thirteenth man in the omnibus. The public safety and comfort depend very much upon organized public action. If companies can be persuaded by enormous damages to do what is obviously essential to the welfare of travelers—that is one way of reaching the result. It is a matter for experience to decide. When it is tolerably evident that enormous damages will not do the work, why not try the law in a more stringent form? We do not point these remarks especially at the Union Ferry Company, because it has carried passengers with great safety. We mean the boot for any foot that it will fit.

## THE STRINGENCY IN WALL STREET.

During the past summer, partly from the want of the full activity in trade which attends good seasons not interfered with by a Presidential canvass, there was a large accumulation of money at the great financial centres lying idle. Tempted by this abundance, loans were put upon the market quite freely, and they were as freely taken, and stocks never before favorites met with ready sales. The demand from abroad for our bonds aided this tendency, and, as our best securities were removed from our market, the vacuum was supplied with others not of the highest reputation. The low rate of interest abroad, and the higher rate here, induced reinvestments of what was collected on account of capitalists abroad for interest moneys on the Government debt, and for the principal of floating loans; and the banks of the city took as collateral for loans an inferior class of securities. With these unfortunate aids speculation in all descriptions of property here and elsewhere became active. The advance which took place in the prices of what had become favorites with operators kept pace with the encouragement thus furnished. We forbear to present instances of the advance in particular bonds and stocks which was thus occasioned, as this might do injury to those who have become their unwilling owners. This fact is too evident to have escaped attention, now that a state of things the very opposite prevails due to the diversion of capital from these objects to the removal of the crops, and to the locking up of legal-tenders by speculators who operate for a fall of prices. Heavy losses have occurred, and such has been th. tightness of the money market that enormous rates of interest have been temporarily paid on the hypothecation of Government bonds or of gold—the securities lately fashionable having gone out of sight, except to those owners of them who, on inspecting their pocket-books, discover this evidence of their folly.

The market partially recovered from its state of collapse on Saturday, the 7th of November, on the promulgation of a statement from Washington that the Secretary of the Treasury had determined to avail himself of a supposed authority, resulting from acts of Congress, to reissue part of the amount of above fifty millions of dollars which had been withdrawn from circulation by him under the Act which authorized the withdrawal of not exceeding four millions per month, which Act was repealed by Congress last winter. There was no justification for this statement except a letter from the Secretary of the Treasury to one of his subordinates, claiming that he had a right to issue some portion of the legal tenders—probably the three per cents.—which had been recalled; but the emergency was not considered sufficient to require this expansion. On the contrary, he has stated that it was the true policy to get down to what he calls "hard pan" as soon as this can be done without a crash. No permanent relief can be experienced until prices become adjusted to the diminished quantity of money now in circulation.

The temptation to call upon the Government for new issues in a time of trouble is very great; but it must be borne in mind that if the currency shall be expanded to the quantity in circulation before the recall of this fifty millions or more, prices would inevitably become adjusted to the new state of things, and that an augmentation of the circulating medium would be required again and again, as new emergencies arose of the description of the one through which we have just passed. This seems to be one of the unfortunate evils which ever accompanies a paper system.

The locking up of a large amount of legal-tenders, variously estimated at from fifteen to twenty millions of dollars, had a powerful effect in checking the movements of the Bull interest, and in reducing the prices of the subjects of speculation. But its influence reached also to gold, to our breadstuffs, and partially to cotton, and to all the great interests of the country. Gold was sold short, and the premium, which touched 50, fell to 32. The downward movement in gold was aided by the unexpected sale by the Treasury of between two and three millions without notice, and was continued until after the sale had been completed of $300,000 per day, in pursuance of the notice from the Treasury that such sum would be offered, under a system of proposals, for ten consecutive days. These sales were unwise. The Bear interest, aided by the stringency of the money market and by borrowing gold from Canada on a pledge of legal-tenders, hammered down the price of gold by heavy operations for a fall, from which no recovery was had until the promulgation of the supposed Treasury order already spoken of. The fear that the power of the Treasury may be exerted, stands as a partial check upon those who have been engaged in withdrawing legal-tenders from circulation, and prevented heavy failures among the Bulls.

Many in Wall Street supposed that the stringency would produce a general panic; but when it is recollected that the money in circulation is a *fixed quantity* in the United States, that it will seek always the best market, and that what is locked up must be restored to circulation on the maturity of the loans which enabled parties thus to tie it up, it will appear that a severe and general panic is impossible. Those banks which aided this conspiracy to corner operators by such means, no doubt feel keenly the situation which their own wickedness has produced. The whole country will share in the loss which this stringency has occasioned.

Our regrets in this matter do not arise from the success which one interest in Wall Street has achieved by depressing another—for both are gamblers on a frightful scale—but because the depression has reached our agricultural productions (this may have been one of its objects), and enabled those abroad who are intently watching our market to purchase their supplies at the reduction to which their measures have contributed. Our people must learn that they will continue to be subject to contingencies of this nature as long as we suspend our prosperity "on the wings of paper-money." When we stand on the solid ground which a stable currency produces we shall be able to command the situation, but as long as the country remains exposed to the folly of those bankers whose sole aim is to make heavy dividends without regard to general effects, we shall be at the mercy of those foreign powers which, having large accumulations of the precious metals, are enabled to obtain our productions at rates which afford no profit to our industry.

As a demand from abroad for our agricultural productions is inevitable we continue to say to our farmers that they should strengthen our markets by holding on to their grain until those who want it on the other side of the water are willing to pay for it at remunerative prices.

We regret to witness that the occasion of this stringency has been seized upon to support an issue of "bonds bearing a low rate of interest to be held by the banks at their option as part of their reserve, and reconvertible on demand into currency." The Boston *Daily Advertiser*, regarded as a highly conservative press, supposes that this scheme, or one of like features, may be matured on such a basis of safety as to recommend it to the acceptance of Congress, and refers to the issue of Exchequer bills in the spring of 1793 by the British Government as a precedent for this extraordinary example. These bills were authorized, to the extent of £5,000,000, to be issued to such merchants and manufacturers as should deposit goods as security for the sum advanced.

The French Convention, in February 1793, had declared war against England and Holland, and Mr. Pitt had been forced to borrow suddenly a sufficient sum to enable Great Britain to go into the struggle, which was one for supremacy. On the 27th of March Mr. Pitt reported to the House of Commons that he had borrowed £4,500,000 for the service of the year. British and French merchants had become closely connected as the result of a commercial treaty, and owing to the sudden stagnation of trade produced by the declaration of war and the alarms occasioned by the political situation, a general failure of commercial credit took place, and to such an extent that many merchants "with large quantities of goods in their possession were unable to make the smallest payment." As Mr. Pitt had taken out of the channels of trade about twenty-seven millions of dollars in gold and silver, to be expended largely upon the Continent, it was incumbent on the Government to provide against the commercial disasters which its own policy had, from dire necessity, occasioned. The issue of Exchequer bills was its first step. In 1797, from the pressure of the same circumstances, the Government went to the extremity of its power, and made the paper of the Bank of England in *effect* a legal-tender. The second issue of Exchequer bills, on the principles of the act of 1793, was made in 1811, but the war was then in disastrous progress.

There is nothing alike in the situation to justify us in a resort to this extraordinary remedy. The war is now over, and the emergency at an end which calls for the strain of additional issues of paper. Our troubles now are due to the want of circumspection and foresight in the summer on the part of all those in the Treasury and in banks wh. are charged with the duty of so regulating our finances in a time of plethora as to prevent disgraceful gambling. The transfer of money to the West and South for the removal of crops—an object which all should encourage—is seized upon by speculators to lock up capital in order to promote their cornering operations, and instead of resorting to Exchequer bills as a reme'y the true resort is to bills of indictment under laws which shall punish this war by sharpers upon our most substantial interests as a misdemeanor, which shall subject them to fine and imprisonment.

## ROSSINI.

Rossini is dead, the most charming, the most vivacious, the most sparkling of the modern Italian composers. His music so gay, so brilliant, so delicious is entirely unique, and has nothing in comm.n with the Italian school with which we are now most familiar, the school of Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi. His genius, never profound, was always exuberant. His music, often merely glittering and rhetorical, has still a wonderful charm; and none of the more modern Italian composers have impressed themselves so strongly as he upon the musical mind of the age. The characteristic of the music that followed Rossini in Italy is pathetic sentimentality. It is the music of pensive lyrical poets. That of Rossini is the work of a brilliant man of the world. His life and his work seem always harmonious. When he retired from his last professional situation he settled into an otiose, self-indulgent, indolent life, and the chief stories that we have heard of him during the latter years have been of his snuffing the spicy incense of flattery, and of his exquisite *salon* and *cuisine*.

Rossini was born at Pesaro in 1792, the son of strolling musicians. The boy was full of music, and began to compose operas at seventeen or eighteen. At twenty he was famous. At thirty he had composed all of his great operas but the *William Tell*. Before he was forty he had retired into Sybaritic seclusion, and wrote nothing of importance again except the *Stabat Mater*. He lived in and near Paris, complimented and complimenting, until the tranquil lapse of time had brought his seventy-seventh year, when he quietly died.

Rossini was at first musical director of San Carlo in Naples; then, for a time, in 1824, of the Italian Opera in London, and afterward in Paris until 1830. His first famous work was *Tancredi*. This was followed by *L'Italiani in Algieri*, and some less noted operas. Then came *Otello*, *Mose in Egitto*, *La Donna del Lago*, and others; and in 1816, when he was twenty-four years old, the incomparable *Barbiere di Seviglia*. The next year he wrote *La Cenerentola* and *La Gazza Ladra*, and, after some minor works, the superb *Semiramide* in 1823. After this he composed the *William Tell* about 1830, the most elaborate and careful, but not the most charming of his operas, although it has always the most honorable mention. These dates show that this captivating music is the bright effervescence of youth; and indeed it has the quality of the finest wines, the honey richness of the first run of the grapes, pressed only by their own weight.

His active career covered the time from Napoleon's Russian campaign to the Revolution of July. His music is that of a period that wished to be cheered and amused, not to think. You fancy all the theatres in Europe ringing with his gay melodies, and people half forgetting the storms that thundered and shook outside. The heart-break of Italy is not heard in them as it is in the tender strains of Bellini, whose *Il Pirata* and *La Straniera* immediately succeeded Rossini's *Semiramide*. We do not know that Rossini ever had any especial sympathy with his country—or that he was other than a lotus-eating Epicurian, content to forget the past and to live in the present pleasure. But he is always kindly associated with his fresh, beautiful music, and there will always be a personal interest in so delightful a composer. He lived to see many of his younger countrymen rise into fame in his own sphere; and he may well have smiled encouragement, for he died while his own genius was still supreme.

## "THE BAZAR."

Our neighbor and friend, *Harper's Bazar*, has justified all its fine promises, and has become to a fabulous number of families an indispensable weekly visitor. It is sure to have something interesting for the home-circle to read and to see. Next week, for instance, it has a new portrait of Vice-President-elect Colfax and of Miss Ella M. Wade, whom he has just married. The bridegroom's gift to his bride is also faithfully portrayed. It will also present to its readers one of those remarkable and beautiful colored fashion-plates, for which it is noted, and which can not yet be successfully executed in this country. It represents varieties of the present mode of carriage and visiting toilets, and is an exquisite illustration of the excellence to which this pictorial art has been brought.

## LITERARY.

"Sermons by Henry Ward Beecher." The Harpers have published two handsome volumes, containing forty-six of Mr. Beecher's sermons, selected from more than five hundred, and revised by himself; and they are such, of course, as he would be judged by. The greatness and sweetness of his heart, the opulence and felicity of his fancy, his sincere piety, his blithe humor, his brave and vigorous thought, are all admirably expressed, but are never exhausted, in this collection.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The official returns of the late elections give the Democratic party in New York for President a majority of 9387, and for Governor 30,182. The Democratic majority in New Jersey was, for Seymour, 3073; for Randolph, 4373. All but six counties in Ohio give General Grant a majority of 41,596. Illinois gives him (all but four counties reckoned) 54,736. The proposition for a Constitutional Convention in that State appears to have been defeated. Alabama is conceded to Grant by about 2500 majority.

Governor Reed, of Florida, who has been lately impeached by the State Legislature, has appealed to the Supreme Judiciary of the State, protesting against the competency of the body which has arraigned him.

Colonel Tappan, Indian Peace Commissioner declares that all the Indians—70,000 in number—whose representatives the Commission have met and treated with this year are keeping faith, and have gone or are on their way to the reservations provided for them. The war at present existing is with some 6000 Indians whom the Government has disappointed in not fulfilling the treaties made last year.

The charter election at Charleston, S. C., took place on the 11th, and resulted in favor of Pillsbury, the Republican candidate for Mayor by a majority of 18 in a vote of 10,000. The defeated party has taken steps to contest the election. The Republicans, it is said, will attempt to install their Mayor by force.

On the night of November 13-14, there was a brilliant shower of meteors; 623 were counted by a single observer in the course of about three hours and a half.

The population of Chicago is now estimated at 252,054—an increase in seven months of 9671.

Ex-Governor Tod of Ohio died at his home in Youngstown on the morning of the 13th.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

Gioacchino Rossini, the great Italian musical composer, died at Paris, November 14, in his seventy-seventh year. A very excellent portrait of Rossini was published in *Harper's Weekly* for November 9, 1867.

The Provisional Government at Mardid has declared all the Spanish colonial ports free; anchorage duties are abolished. Civil marriages are now of frequent occurrence in Spain. The formation of a Protestant Church in Madrid has been sanctioned by the authorities.

By telegram from Lisbon we learn of the receipt at that port of the mail news from Paraguay. The allied army before Angostura had been attacked by the Paraguayans, and had repulsed the assailants. It was fully confirmed that President Lopez had shot his brothers.

The United States of Colombia are in the midst of a civil war. The confederation consists of nine States, of which three are in the hands of the Conservatives, and the others, as well as the Federal Government, in the hands of the Liberals.

A severe earthquake shock was experienced at Hiogo, in Japan, early in October.

M. Rouher. M. Duruy. M. Pinard. M. Rigaud de Genouilly. M. Baroche. M. Vaillant. M. Niel. The Emperor. M. de Forcade la Roquette. The Empress. M. Vuitry. M. de Moustier. M. Magne.

FRENCH COUNCIL OF MINISTERS HELD AT ST. CLOUD, PRESIDED OVER BY THE EMPEROR.—[See Page 757.]

## THE FRENCH CABINET COUNCIL.

The Emperor Napoleon, immediately after his return from Biarritz, called together a grand council of his Ministers, over which he presided, at St. Cloud. It is announced that measures of grave importance were discussed; but, as is usually the case, the secret has been well kept, and nothing has transpired to indicate the nature of the decisions arrived at on this occasion. The Empress Eugénie was present at the council. Our illustration on page 756 is from a sketch made by a French artist who happened to catch a glimpse of this illustrious party. Of course this council has been the occasion of much speculation in political circles throughout Europe. Every body watches the Emperor. He is the great oracle, and every word which he utters is published and commented upon all over the world. It is supposed that, if he chooses, he could to-morrow deluge a continent in blood. He may proclaim daily that "the Empire is peace," but still it remains true that the rest of the world interprets his every speech and action to mean war.

## THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE TRIAL.

Some years ago there was a trial in Dublin which, partly because the parties in the cause were in a well-to-do condition of life, and partly because the case, in some measure, involved the interests of the two conflicting Churches, excited considerable sensation and much comment.

The contention was the right to the guardianship of a boy whose father and mother had ceased to live together. On their separation they had come to a sort of amicable arrangement that the child—then seven years old—should live alternate years with each; and though the mother's friends warmly urged her not to consent to a plan so full of danger to her child, and so certain to result in the worst effects on his character, the poor woman, whose rank in life was far inferior to her husband's, yielded, partly from habit of deference to his wishes, and more still because she believed, in refusing these terms, she might have found herself reduced to accept even worse ones. The marriage had been unfortunate in every way. Sir Roger Norcott had accompanied his regiment, the —th Dragoons, to Ireland, where some violent disturbances in the south had called for an increase of military force. When the riots had been suppressed, the troops, broken up into small detachments, were quartered through the counties, as opportunity and convenience served; Norcott's troop—for he was a captain—being stationed in that very miserable and poverty-stricken town called Macroom. Here the dashing soldier, who for years had been a Guardsman, mixing in all the gayeties of a London life, passed days and weeks of dreary despondency. His two subs, who happened to be sons of men in trade, he treated with a cold and distant politeness, but never entered into their projects nor accepted their companionship; and though they messed together each day, no other intimacy passed between them than the courtesies of the table.

WITH MY MOTHER.

It chanced that while thus hipped, and out of sorts, sick of the place and the service that had condemned him to it, he made acquaintance with a watchmaker when paying for some slight service, and subsequently with his daughter, a very pretty, modest-looking, gentle girl of eighteen. The utter vacuity of his life, the tiresome hours of barrack-room solitude, the want of some one to talk to him, but, still more, of some one to listen—for he liked to talk, and talked almost well—led him to pass more than half his days and all his evenings at their house. Nor was the fact that his visits had become a sort of town-scandal without its charm for a man who actually pined for a sensation, even though painful; and there was, too, an impertinence that, while declining the society of the supposed upper classes of the neighborhood, he found congenial companionship with these humble people, which had a marvelous attraction for a man who had no small share of resentfulness in his nature, and was seldom so near being happy as when flouting some prejudice or outraging some popular opinion.

It had been his passion through life to be ever doing or saying something that no one could have anticipated. For the pleasure of astonishing the world no sacrifice was too costly; and whether he rode, or shot, or played, or yachted, his first thought was notoriety. An ample fortune lent considerable aid to this tendency; but every year's extravagance was now telling on his resources, and he was forced to draw on his ingenuity where before he needed but to draw on his banker.

There was nothing that his friends thought less likely than that he would marry, except that, if he should, his wife would not be a woman of family. To bowl over both of these beliefs together he married the watchmaker's daughter, and Mary Owen became a baronet's bride.

Perhaps—I'm not very sure of even that—her marriage gave her one entire day of unbroken happiness; I do not believe it gave her a week, and I know it did not a month. Whether it was that his friends were less shocked than he had hoped for, or that the shock wore out sooner, he was frantic at the failure of his grand coup, and immediately set about revenging on his unhappy wife all the disappointment she had caused him. After a series of cruelties—some of which savored of madness, but which she bore without complaint or even murmur—he bethought him that her religious belief offered a ground-work for torment which he had hitherto neglected. He accordingly determined to make his profession to the Church of Rome, and to call on her to follow. This she stoutly refused; and he declared that they should separate. The menace had no longer a terror for her. She accepted whatever terms he was pleased to dictate; she only stipulated as to the child, and for him only to the extent we have already seen. The first year after the separation the boy passed with his father; the second he spent with his mother. At the end of the third year, when her turn again came round, Sir Roger refused to part with him; and when reminded of his promise, coarsely replied that his boy, above all things, must be a gentleman; and that he was now arrived at an age when association with low and vulgar people would attach a tone to his mind, and a fashion to his thoughts, that all the education in the world would not eradicate; and that rather than yield to such a desecration, he would litigate the matter to the last shilling of his estate. Such was the cause before the Barons of the Exchequer; the mother pleading that her child should be restored to her; the father opposing the demand, that the mother's habits and associates were not in accordance with the prospects of one who should inherit title and fortune; and last of all, that the boy was devotedly attached to him, and bore scarcely a trace of affection for his mother.

So painful were the disclosures that came out

TRAPPING WILD TURKEYS.—Sketched by A. R. Waud.—[See Page 758.]

during the trial, so subversive of every feeling that pertains to the sanctity of the family, and so certain to work injuriously on the character of the child whose interests were at stake, that the judge made more than one attempt to arrest the proceedings and refer the case to arbitration; but Sir Roger would not agree to this. He was once more in his element, he was before the world—the newspapers were full of him, and better than all, in attack and reprobation. He had demanded to be put on the table as a witness, and they who saw, it is said, never forgot the insolent defiance of public opinion that he on that day displayed; how boldly he paraded opinions in opposition to every sense of right and justice, and how openly he avowed his principle of education to be—to strip off from youth every delusion as to the existence of truth and honor in life, and to teach a child, from his earliest years, that trickery and falsehood were the daily weapons of mankind, and that he who would not consent to be the dupe of his fellow-men must be their despot and their persecutor. If he had the satisfaction of outraging the feelings of all in court, and insulting every sense of propriety and decorum, he paid heavily for the brief triumph. The judge delivered a most stern denunciation of his doctrines, and declared that no case had ever come before the court where so little hesitation existed as to the judgment to be pronounced. The sentence was, that up to the age of twelve the child was to be confided to the mother's charge, after which period the court would, on application, deliberate and determine on the future guardianship.

"Will you leave me, Owen?" asked the father, and his lips trembled and his cheek blanched as he uttered the words. The boy sprang into his arms and kissed him wildly and passionately; and the two clung to each other in close embrace, and their mingled sobs echoed through the now silent court. "You see, my lord, you see—" cried the father; but the boy's struggles were choking him, and with his own emotions would not suffer him to continue. His sufferings were now real, and a murmur ran through the court that showed how public feeling was trembling in the balance. The bustle of a new cause that was coming on soon closed the scene. The child was handed over to an officer of the court, while the mother's friends concerted together, and all was over.

Over as regarded the first act of a life-long drama; and ere the curtain rises, it only remains to say that the cause which that day decided was mine, and that I, who write this, was the boy "Digby Norcott."

### CHAPTER II.

#### WITH MY MOTHER.

MY mother lived in a little cottage at a place called the Green Lanes, about three miles from Dublin. The name was happily given, for on every side there were narrow roads overshadowed by leafy trees, which met above and gave only glimpses of sky and cloud through their feathery foliage. The close hedgerows of white or pink thorn limited the view on either side, and imparted a something of gloom to a spot whose silence was rarely broken, for it was not a rich man's neighborhood. They who frequented it were persons of small fortune, retired subalterns in the army, or clerks in public offices, and such like petty respectabilities who preferred to herd together and make no contrasts of their means with larger, greater incomes.

Among the sensations I shall never forget, and which while I write are as fresh as the moment I first felt them—were my feelings when the car stopped opposite a low wicket, and Mr. M'Bride, the attorney, helped me down and said, "This is your home, Digby; your mother lives here." The next moment a pale but very handsome young woman came rushing down the little path and clasped me in her arms. She had dropped on her knees to bring her face to mine, and she kissed me madly and wildly, so that my cap fell off. "See how my frill is all rumpled!" said I, unused as I was to such disconcerting warmth, and caring far more for my smart appearance than for demonstrations of affection. "Oh, darling, never mind it," sobbed she. "You shall have another and a nicer. I will make it myself, for my own boy—for you are mine, Digby. You are mine, dearest, ain't you?"

"I am papa's boy," said I, doggedly.

"But you will love mamma, too, Digby, won't you?—poor mamma, that has no one to love her, or care for her, if you do not; and who will so love you in return, and do every thing for you—every thing to make you happy—happy and good, Digby."

"Then let us go back to Earls Court. It's far prettier than this, and there are great lions over the gateway, and wide steps up to the door. I don't like this. It looks so dark and dreary—it makes me cry." And to prove it, I burst out into a full torrent of weeping, and my mother hung over me and sobbed too; and long after the car had driven away we sat there on the grass weeping bitterly together, though there was no concert in our sorrow nor any soul to our grief.

That whole afternoon was passed in attempts to comfort and caress me by my mother, and in petulant demands on my part for this or that luxury I had left behind me. I wanted my nice bed with the pink curtains, and my little tool-case. I wanted my little punt, my pony, my fishing-rod. I wanted the obsequious servants, who ran at my bidding, and whose respectful manner was a homage I loved to exact. Not one of these was forthcoming, and how could I believe her who soothingly told me that her love would replace them, and that her heart's affection would soon be dearer to me than all my toys and all the glittering presents that littered my room. "But I want my pony," I cried; "I want my little dog Fan, and I want to sit beside papa, and see him drive four horses, and he lets me whip them too, and *you* won't." And so I cried hysterically again, and in these fretful paroxysms I passed my evening.

The first week of my life there was to me—it still is to me—like a dream—a sad, monotonous dream. Repulsed in every form, my mother still persisted in trying to amuse or interest me, and I either sat in moody silence, refusing all attention, or went off into passionate grief, sobbing as if my heart would break. "Let him cry his fill," said old Biddy, the maid. "Let him cry his fill, and it will do him good." And I could have killed her on the spot as she said it.

If Biddy Cassidy really opined that a hearty fit of crying would have been a good alterative for me, she ought not to have expressed the opinion in my presence, for there was that much of my father in me that quickly suggested resistance, and I at once resolved that no matter what it might cost me, or by what other means I might find a vent for my grief, I'd cry no more. All my poor mother's caresses, all her tenderness, and all her watchful care never acted on my character with half the force or one-tenth of the rapidity that did this old hag's attempt to thwart and oppose me. Her system was, by a continual comparison between my present life and my past, to show how much better off I was now than in my former high estate, and by a travesty of all I had been used to, to pretend that any like complaint from me would be sheer ingratitude. "Here's the pony, darlin', waitin' for you to ride him," she would say, as she would lay an old walking-stick beside my door; and though the blood would rush to my head at the insult, and something very nigh choking rise to my throat, I would master my passion, and make no reply. This demeanor was set down to sulkiness, and Biddy warmly entreated my mother to suppress the temper it indicated, and, as she mildly suggested, "Cut it out of me when I was young"—a counsel, I must own, she did not follow.

Too straitened in her means to keep a governess for me, and unwilling to send me to a school, my mother became my teacher herself; and, not having had any but the very commonest education, she was obliged to acquire in advance what she desired to impart. Many a night would she pore over the Latin Grammar that she might be even one stage before *me* on the morning. Over and over did she get up the bit of geography that was to test my knowledge the next day; and in this way, while leading *me* on, she acquired, almost without being aware of it, a considerable amount of information. Her faculties were above the common, and her zeal could not be surpassed; so that, while I was stumbling and blundering over *Swaine's Sentences*, she had read all Sallust's *Catiline*, and most of the *Odes* of Horace; and long before I had mastered my German declensions, she was reading Grimm's *Stories* and Auerbach's *Village Sketches*. Year after year went over quietly, uneventfully. I had long ceased to remember my former life of splendor, or, if it recurred to me, it came with no more of reality than the events of a dream. One day, indeed—I shall never forget it—the past revealed itself before me with the vivid distinctness of a picture, and I shame to say, rendered me unhappy and discontented for several days after. I was returning one afternoon from a favorite haunt, where I used to spend hours—the old church-yard of Kellester, a long-unused cemetery, with a ruined church beside it—when four spanking chestnuts came to the foot of the little rise on which the ruin stood, and the servants jumping down, undid the bearing-reins, to breathe the cattle up the ascent. It was my father was on the box, and as he skillfully brushed the flies from his horses with his whip, gently soothing the hot mettled creatures with his voice, I bethought me of the proud time when I sat beside him, and when he talked to me of the different tempers of each horse in the team, instilling into me that interest and that love for them, as thinking, sentient creatures, which gives the horse a distinct character to all who have learned thus to think of him from childhood. He never looked at me as he passed. How should he recognize the little boy in the gray linen blouse he was wont to see in black velvet, with silver buttons? Perhaps I was not sorry he did not know me. Perhaps I felt it easier to fight my own shame alone than if it had been confessed and witnessed. At all events the sight sent me home sad and depressed, no longer able to take pleasure in my usual pursuits, and turning from my toys and books with actual aversion.

Remembering how all mention of my father used to affect my mother long ago, seeing how painfully his mere name acted upon her, I forbore to speak of this incident, and buried it in my heart, to think and ruminate over when alone.

Time went on and on till I wanted but a few months of twelve, and my lessons were all but dropped, as my mother's mornings were passed either in letter-writing or in interviews with her lawyer. It was on the conclusion of one of these councils that Mr. M'Bride led me into the garden, and seating me beside him on a bench, said, "I have something to say to you, Digby; and I don't know that I'd venture to say it, if I had not seen that you are a thoughtful boy, and an affectionate son of the best mother that ever lived. You are old enough, besides, to have a right to know something about yourself and your future prospects, and it is for that I have come out to-day." And with this brief preface he told me the whole story of my father's and mother's marriage and separation; and how it came to pass that I had been taken from one to live with the other; and how the time was now drawing nigh—it wanted but two months and ten days—when I should be once more under my father's guidance, and totally removed from the influence of that mother who loved me so dearly.

"We might fight the matter in the courts, it is true," said he. "There are circumstances which might weigh with a judge whether he'd remove you from a position of safety and advantage to one of danger and difficulty; but it would be the fight of a weak purse against a strong one, not to say that it would also be the struggle of a poor mother's heart against the law of the land; and I have at last persuaded her it would be wiser and safer not to embitter the relations with your father—to submit to the inevitable; and not improbably you may be permitted to see her from time to time, and, at all events, to write to her." It took a long time for him to go through what I have so briefly set down here; for there were many pros and cons, and he omitted none of them; and while he studiously abstained from applying to my father any expression of censure or reprobation, he could not conceal from me that he regarded him as a very cold-hearted unfeeling man, from whom little kindness could be expected, and to whom entreaty or petition would be lost time. I will not dwell on the impression this revelation produced on me, nor will I linger on the time that followed on it—the very saddest of my life. Our lessons were stopped—all the occupations that once filled the day ceased—a mournful silence fell upon us, as though there was a death in the house; and there was, indeed, the death of that peaceful existence in which we had glided along for years, and we sat grieving over a time that was to return no more. My mother tried to employ herself in setting my clothes in order, getting my books decently bound, and enabling me in every way to make a respectable appearance in that new life I was about to enter on; but her grief usually overcame her in these attempts, and she would hang in tears over the little trunk that recalled every memory she was so soon to regard as the last traces of her child. Biddy, who had long, for years back, ceased to torment or annoy me, came back with an arrear of bitterness to her mockeries and sneers. "I was going to be a lord, and I'd not know the mother that nursed me if I saw her in the street! Fine clothes and fine treatment was more to me than love and affection; signs on it, I was turning my back on my own mother, and going to live with the blackguard—she didn't mince the word—that left her to starve." These neatly turned compliments met me at every moment, and by good fortune served to arm me with a sort of indignant courage that carried me well through all my perils.

To spare my poor mother the pain of parting, Mr. M'Bride—I can not say how judiciously—contrived that I should be taken out for a drive and put on board the packet bound for Holyhead, under the charge of a courier, whom my father had sent to fetch me, to Brussels, where he was then living. Of how I left Ireland, and journeyed on afterward, I know nothing; it was all confusion and turmoil. The frequent changes from place to place, the noise, the new people, the intense haste that seemed to pervade all that went on, addled me to that degree that I had few collected thoughts at the time, and no memory of them afterward.

From certain droppings of the courier, however, and his heartily expressed joy as Brussels came in sight, I gathered that I had been a very troublesome charge, and refractory to the very limit of actual rebellion.

## A LITTLE HALLUCINATION.

THE pertinacity with which mankind will adhere to delusions long after they have been detected and exposed appears to have escaped the attention of the great analyst of human weaknesses, King Solomon. The best and the worst educated people, and those who have no education at all, persist in remaining hoodwinked, and in clinging, against the evidence of trustworthy authorities, and almost of their own senses, to a whimsical belief in entirely fabulous things. The highly immoral notion inculcated in the remark lately quoted would seem to be, that if the world chose to have lies told them the liars should have thorough impunity, and lying be recognized as an orthodox institution. But this easy philosophy fails to satisfy persons of an uncomfortably inquiring temperament. "Lying," says Thomas Carlyle, "is not permitted by the Eternals;" by which he means, I apprehend, that the success of a falsehood can be only temporary; and that in process of time Truth will fully vindicate herself, although to do so it may be necessary for the poor thing to strip herself stark naked. I knew two brothers once, the elder of whom was incurably addicted to saying the thing that was not, while the other was scrupulously truthful. Charley, who was somewhat of a wag, used to declare that he spent at least four hours every morning in going about contradicting the fibs which Jemmy had told during the previous day. But not all of us can spare the sixth part of the day for such labors; and not all of us care about demolishing the Munchausenisms which our brother has related. If you wish to get along comfortably in this world it is best to allow your brother, and your sister too—by whom I mean every body—to lie themselves black in the face. So long as they refrain from forging your name, and so getting you into any pecuniary trouble, they can't do you much harm. It is impossible for any one man thoroughly to disprove nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand falsehoods. For each lie told there are a number of listeners who are eager to believe it, and who consequently *do* believe it, however strong the proof may be to the contrary. And, on the other hand, it is certain that we hear of very few persons who have ever done themselves any good by advocating the truth and stigmatizing error; whereas the catalogue of those who have fallen into the direst scrapes through those means is well-nigh inexhaustible. Socrates and Galileo, Savonarola and John Huss, Solomon de Caux and Daniel Defoe, devoted the major portion of their lives to the upholding of what they deemed to be true. You remember the nature of their reward: the hemlock bowl and the Inquisition dungeon; the stake, the mad-house, and the pillory.

## A LAY OF THE SPANISH REVOLUTION.

A LAY! A lay! A trumpet lay!
A glad and a glorious strain!
For a nation free, and a victory
For the good old cause again!

It was at merry Michaelmas,
When the vintage time comes round,
And pomegranate and olive ripe
Smile o'er the Spanish ground;
A cry went up o'er all the land,
Like the roar of the surging sea,
And 'twas "Down with the Bourbons! Down for aye!
With the Bourbon tyranny!

"Too long! Too long they've tortured us
Beneath their ruthless yoke,
And flayed our flesh and drained our blood
Till our heart-strings nearly broke.
Now we, who've borne all this too long—
A cause of shame to men—
Shall vindicate Spain's ancient name,
And Spaniards be again!

"We'll take our stand for that old land
Th' Hidalgo sires that bore,
The glorious land of the knightly west,
The land of the Campador!
Whose iron infantry unchecked
Marched Europe through and through,
Taught haughty Italy to yield,
And France and Holland too.

"Who won the new world of the west
In conquest stern and fleet;
And sat enthroned on the Andes' crest
With two oceans at her feet!
What though that mighty empire's gone,
On which the sun ne'er set,
His orb shall rise once more to crown
Our new-born glories yet!"

Thus sang the Spanish nation all,
O'er their hills and valleys far,
From Malaga to Santandér,
From Cadiz to Navarre;
From the Douro to Gibraltar's Rock,
From Gerona to the Ocean,
All Spain rang out with song and shout—
Rang out in glad commotion!

Oh, came you by the bridge of doom
That spans the southern river?
Saw you the Bourbon's farewell fight
On the banks of the Guadalquivir?
Or have you been at Santandér,
In the stubborn north far down,
Where the streets ran o'er with the people's gore,
Till at last they held their own?

Saw you Madrid's gay banners wave?
Saw you her heroes enter?
Felt you the throb, at the Puerto del Sol,
Of the nation's heart and centre?
Viva! for Prim, for the warrior grim,
And brown as a bronzed gitano!
Viva! to the sky mounts the welcoming cry,
For the victor chief Serrano!

And where is SHE, while her race's doom
Is proclaimed by all her people
'Mid beating drums and ringing bells
From every tower and steeple?
Lo! where on Biscay's rock she stands,
Forlorn, above the Ocean,
Whose stormy billows rudely mock
Her rage and wild emotion!

Her sceptre now a broken reed,
And crushed her royal crown,
Not a champion left on Spanish ground,
Not a rood to call her own!
And he who in Spain's bleeding rights
Had dyed his hands deep red—
BRAVO in name, in nature too—
Her Liberticide is fled!

A train! A train! Down the line amain!
A fast and a farewell train!
Oh, take her away to the Frenchman's land,
Or any land but Spain!
Away! Away! 'Twas the last sad ray
Of the Bourbon sun now set—
A race who wisdom ne'er could learn,
And folly ne'er forget!

Awakened Europe hails the star
New risen o'er the gloom,
Th' Iberian star of Peace and Hope,
Above th' oppressor's tomb.
In its pure light the words are writ,
The noble lesson's given,
*Let Freedom do her own good work,*
*And vengeance leave to Heaven!*

A lay! A lay! A trumpet lay!
A glad and a glorious strain!
For a nation free, and a victory
For the good old cause again!

## TRAPPING WILD TURKEYS.

A WILD turkey trap is a simple contrivance, only requiring a few poles, laid together like a small log-house, with plenty of wide chinks, the roof composed of logs just too heavy for the turkeys to push through. In the centre of the floor is a hole to which a passage leads from the outside. Along this corn, acorns, and nuts are strewn, to lead the turkeys on. Once in the house they never think of descending again to get out by the hole in the middle of the floor, but waste their efforts in attempts to push through the chinks left in the logs till the proprietor visits the establishment to go through the ceremony of wringing their necks.

## THE EARTHQUAKE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

WE give illustrations on page 765 of the earthquake at San Francisco, October 21—the severest that ever occurred in that city. The shock was sudden and terrible in its effects. It was early in the morning, just before eight o'clock, as the people of the city were about to resume their daily occupations. Probably no other event is so calculated to create a panic as an earthquake. There is first the surprise, and then the attempt at flight—a flight which is, from the nature of the case, objectless and hopeless. Danger appalls, but with it there is offered no means of possible escape; the exercise of human power or of human thought are alike unavailing.

The San Francisco *Morning Chronicle* published the following account of the earthquake just one week after the occurrence:

At six minutes before eight o'clock on the morning of the 21st inst., our city was visited by an earthquake, the severest by far that was ever experienced here. The shock commenced by a slight tremor, then an undulating motion followed, gentle at first, but increasing in violence until the earth seemed rapidly jerked back and forth, and ending with a sharp twist violent enough to almost throw men from their feet. This motion lasted during a period of time that is variously estimated from 42 to 46 seconds. During its continuance the ground swelled and rolled like the heaving of the ocean; billows could be seen coming over the land, shaking and toppling the buildings in their course, raising them to the crest of the rollers, and, as the wave passed on, settling them in their former positions. A gentleman who was driving on the Ocean House road at the time was surprised at the singular action of his horse. The animal snorted, pricked up his ears, and was seized with a trembling as if in great fear. Upon looking ahead on the road he could see a wave as if on the ocean, making its way rapidly toward the city, with smaller waves following in its rear. In many portions of the city the ground settled, and in other places it opened for some distance. The effect on the populace was one of extreme fear. People rushed from their dwellings into the streets, some of them jumping from their beds and running out in their night-clothes, and in a few minutes the streets were filled with frightened people. Many of them ran to the public squares, others sought the water front to embark upon some sailing craft, deeming it safer on the water, and many gained the centre of the streets, and stood there to avoid the falling of buildings, which they feared must immediately follow. On the solid ground and in the suburbs, however, the panic soon subsided in a measure, and people returned to their dwellings, but gathered together such articles of apparel as were deemed necessary for immediate use, ready to run again upon a repetition of the shock. Soon the tidings came from the lower portion of the city that buildings had been destroyed, and in the excitement of the hour exaggerated stories were set afloat to the effect that hundreds of people had been killed. At 10.35 A.M. a second shock occurred, but not equal in severity or duration to the first, and at 11.20 A.M. another, still lighter, while throughout the day there were frequent slight shocks and tremors, some of them barely perceptible, but in the excited state of the public mind they were sufficient to prevent the fears of the people from being allayed. Then came the news from Haywood, San Leandro, and other suburban towns, all of which had experienced the earthquake to a greater or less degree. In the vicinity of the last-named towns it appears to have spent its force. The lower portion of the city was terribly racked and shattered. Many of the buildings were completely destroyed; the walls were cracked and broken from top to bottom, and are now held up by shoring of heavy timbers. Throughout Battery, Sansome, Sacramento, Commercial, Clay, Washington, and California streets a large number of the buildings are prevented from falling in this manner. In the southern part of the city, bordering on Mission Bay, on what was formerly the marshes, the ground sunk in several places from a few inches to a depth of four feet. At the corner of Folsom and Fourteenth streets the ground cracked a distance of forty feet, leaving a fissure about two inches wide, and similar openings were made in Fremont, Pine, and other streets. At M'DONALD's Mill, on Market Street, the ground sank in the rear and opened, letting down the rear wall some eight feet. Similar openings were made among the foundries on First and Fremont streets, the fissures emitting water and sand. On Clay Street, below Battery, the ground settled about two feet, letting down the front wall of the Railroad House and adjoining buildings, and breaking the Railroad House completely in two. On California Street, below Sansome, the ground appears to have sunk in some places, and raised in others, smashing several buildings to atoms. The centre of Pine Street, below Sansome, appears to have been forced up a foot, and left a crack in the pavement, while the sidewalk settled several inches. The earth is cracked all around the gas-works, corner of First and Howard streets. On the water of the bay people on shipboard describe the sensation as of a vessel striking and grinding heavily upon the rocks, while the vessel's timbers shook like reeds in the wind. At the Vulcan Iron-Works, on First Street, the ground opened, and a volume of water spouted up to a height of nearly three feet, and fissures were plainly visible six inches in width. At Oakland the shock was immediately preceded by a heavy rumbling, as of distant artillery. From the accounts thus far received the earthquake appears to have commenced on the coast about one hundred miles northwest of San Francisco, traveled southeasterly, gathering strength until it spent the most of its force in San Francisco and across the bay for a distance of ten miles, and then to have scattered its forces and gradually died out.

The amount of property destroyed is variously estimated at from $300,000 to $5,000,000. Four persons were killed and a large number were wounded.

## HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE little town of Chicopee, on the Connecticut River, has the honor of having cast the magnificent bronze doors for the east wing of the Capitol at Washington. Several years ago Congress intrusted the design of the work to the artist Crawford; but he died before the models were completed, and the business was intrusted to his pupil, Reinhart. The plaster models were sent to the celebrated foundry at Munich, and all details for casting were satisfactorily arranged, when, in consequence of our civil war, the Bavarian establishment, distrusting our resources, refused to fulfill the contract, unless the payment money should first be deposited in gold at London. Congress promptly ordered the return of the models, and committed the execution of the work to the Messrs. Ames, of Chicopee. Unfortunately—whether by carelessness or design, does not appear—the models were so miserably packed that one of the panels, on being opened, was found to be in thirty pieces; but by patience and perseverance the fragments were patched. The estimated cost of these doors is about sixty thousand dollars. Several battle and other historical scenes, as well as emblematic types of Peace and War, are represented on the various panels. The doors are each three feet and three inches in width, by fourteen feet in height, and each divided into five panels, the upper one being narrower than the rest, and ornamented with a laurel-wreath encircling a star. This is an open panel, and is to serve as a ventilator. In the two doors there are one hundred and thirty pieces of bronze, requiring in their fitting thirteen hundred and sixty-six screws. The door-posts and casements are plain and massive, and the soffit is open-work decorated with seven hundred and eighty-three rosettes of burnished bronze.

Letter-carriers have been directed by the Post-Office Department to wear a uniform while on duty. The coat, vest, pantaloons, and cap are to be made of what is technically called "blue-mixed cadet cloth." A reversible cape, made of the same material on one side, and of gutta percha cloth on the other, is also to be worn when needed. We learn, moreover, that specimens of a new style of street letter-box are now being manufactured, and some of them will soon be put up in this city. They will be arranged to receive newspapers as well as letters, and so constructed as to secure the packages from any unauthorized investigation. A dial-plate on each box is arranged to signify the hour when the next collection will be made.

Fatal mistakes by druggists are becoming altogether too frequent. The wife of a Philadelphia merchant recently died in consequence of a sad mistake. She had been suffering from a nervous disorder, and under the advice of a physician had been for some time taking asafœtida pills, made according to a prescription given her by the doctor. She sent to a drug-store to have the prescription renewed. The druggist being absent, the pills were compounded by his son. The young man made the fatal mistake of reading the abbreviation of asafœtida for atropia, a narcotic poison, and this he put in the pills in the quantity prescribed for asafœtida. The poisonous effects of this were soon shown in alarming symptoms, and before antidotes could be given the poison had done its work. She died after severe suffering.

Professor Doremus, the President of the Philharmonic Society, remarked in reference to the opening of a new musical season, that as it has always been a primary object of the Philharmonic Society to develop and cultivate a taste for the highest order of music, the system of public rehearsals has been adopted, where the celebrated works of the greatest composers could be studied. Hence there will be, as in years past, three public rehearsals on the Friday afternoons preceding each concert. The number of concerts and rehearsals has been increased, without a corresponding increase in the price of tickets to associate members, in hopes of adding greatly to this list, for it is earnestly desired that this shall become a school of classical music, attractive to professional and amateur musicians. The orchestra consists of a hundred performers, and our best artists have promised to assist at the different concerts.

London journals are cordially warm in their commendations of Miss Minnie Hauck, who lately made her first appearance at Covent Garden, in the popular Opera "La Sonnambula." Her voice is spoken of as a pure soprano, light and flexible, sweet and penetrating. Her reception was exceedingly favorable, and the belief was expressed that she will become an ornament to the profession she has chosen.

Light-fingered gentry, in all countries, understand how to turn events to their own profit. An exiled Hidalgo received at the table d'hôte of a hotel in Paris a large red-sealed official letter stamped with the Madrid post-mark. The interesting refugee opened the missive and perused it rapidly, with astonishment and delight. Then he handed the letter round the table. "Dear Alonzo," it ran, "come back immediately. Our dear country has need of all her sons. Your estates are rendered unto you. Fraternally, PRIM." The table d'hôte was universal in its felicitations. But suddenly the exile's face grew sombre. Pressed for a reason for this strange melancholy, he announced that, having no means wherewith to travel to Madrid, he should be forced to wait a fortnight at least ere he could once more behold his ancestral towers. Mine host promptly placed £20 at Don Alonzo's disposal, who joyously departed, promising to return the money in three days, and with a basket of his own Andalusian Xeres. The good hotel-keeper is still in vain anticipation of the wine and money.

Miss Georgiana M. Craik—author of "Mildred," an interesting novel recently published by Harper & Brothers—is the daughter of the late George Lillie Craik, formerly of Glasgow, and at the time of his death professor in Queen's College, Belfast, Ireland. He was the author of "Pursuit of Knowledge Under Difficulties," a "History of English Literature," and other works. Miss Craik has written several popular novels, and since her father's death, with praiseworthy independence and assiduity, devotes herself to her literary work. George Lillie Craik, husband of the lady so well known as Miss Mulock, is son of the Rev. Dr. Craik of Glasgow, and cousin to Miss Georgiana Craik.

Few fictitious works of the present day exhibit more purity of sentiment and faithful delineation of character, combined with plots of genuine interest, than those of Miss Mulock. Her stories teach lessons for everyday life. Evidently she does not believe that the "Girl of the Period," as represented in a certain English Review, is a universal character. In her latest work, "The Woman's Kingdom"—which has been published as a serial in *Harper's Magazine*, and is now issued in book form—she thus speaks of "Edna:" "And there came before her a vision of her life to come—not an easy one; not that of a woman who slips into marriage to 'better herself,' as servants say—to attain ease, and luxury, and position, and all the benefits which 'a good marriage' is supposed to confer. Hers would be a life in which every energy would be tested, every power put to use—which would exact unlimited patience, self-denial, courage, strength; the life, in short, of a woman who does not care to be a man's toy and ornament, but desires, rather, to be his help-meet—supplying all he needs, as he supplies all she needs, teaching her through the necessities of every day how to fulfill the perfect law of love—self-sacrifice."

A neat practical joke was recently played upon a rich financier of Paris, who was very stingy to his wife. One day a lady, closely veiled, and apparently very anxious not to be recognized, called upon him and borrowed a large sum, leaving her diamonds as a pledge. He was chagrined to learn afterward that it was his wife.

The latest intelligence from Dr. Livingstone—which does not seem so very recent, when we consider that the letters were dated December, 1867—was that he had been living for three months with friendly Arabs, near Lake Tanganyika, and that he intended, on the close of a native war, to explore that lake, and then return to Zanzibar on his way home. One of the great objects of the traveler's last journey into Central Africa was to ascertain whether the source of the Nile was not considerably to the south of the Albert Nyanza. The supposition was, that the great Albert Lake and Tanganyika were either one sheet of water, or connected by a large river, and it was also presumed that the sources of Tanganyika might extend indefinitely to the west or southwest. It now appears that Dr. Livingstone crossed from Lake Nyassa to the Cazembe country, and that he there found a large lake already marked on some of the old maps. He seems to have made a considerable stay there, and to have been very hospitably entertained. When details arrive, it will probably be found that Tanganyika is only one of a number of connected lakes, running to the southwest. It is still a matter of speculation when Dr. Livingstone will return to England.

Toronto has received a second consignment of servant girls from England. They came, as before, under the personal care of Miss Rye, whose kindness to her *protégés* is undoubted. The girls, on their arrival, looked clean and healthy; they are in general young, and modest in demeanor. Seventy-three landed at Toronto, about twenty having found places at various points on the route. Miss Rye appears to take the deepest interest in those who have emigrated under her supervision.

The Freedmen's Bureau expires by Congressional limitation at the close of this year. According to the annual report made by General Howard, there will be no necessity of continuing it longer. The school expenditures during the past year were $2,000,000, of which the freedmen paid $360,000; Northern benevolent societies $700,000; the Bureau $940,000. The Bureau will have surplus funds to carry on the educational work without further appropriations.

In Davenport, Iowa, on the afternoon of November 3, a low-seated buggy was driven to the polls by a beautiful young lady. By her side was seated Deacon Gilbert, who is upward of one hundred years old. He cast his first Presidential vote in 1788, in the State of New York, for George Washington, and has voted at every Presidential election since that year. The young lady assisted the centenarian and patriot to alight, and, placing her arm in his, accompanied him to the polls. He handed an open straight Republican ticket to the judges. As he did so the by-standers broke into cheers, which did not cease until three times three had been given for the aged Republican, followed by three more for the young lady who had accompanied him.

A woman applied at one of the city dispensaries for medical aid, stating her disease to be *flirtation* of the heart. "Not an uncommon ailment with your sex, ma'am," said the doctor, with a twinkle of the eye; but it is not dangerous if the proper remedy is applied."

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

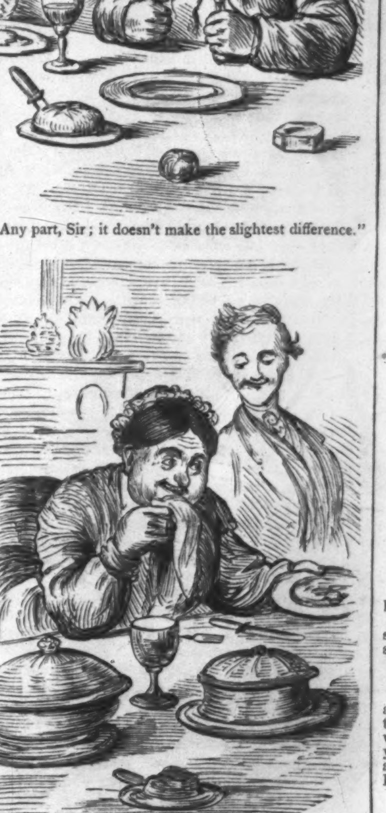
A GRUMBLER explains the present system of raising revenue as follows: "Now, you see, in the first place, they git the amount of a feller's business. That is first taxed. Then they find out how much he earns every month, and that's taxed. Then they find ont all about his profits, and on that they lay their tax. Then they manage to get some tax on what he owes. Next comes what they call income, and that's taxed. Then, if any thing is left, the preacher calls around and gets it to sustain the church and convert the heathen."

A coffin-maker was asked whom he was making for, and mentioned the intended. "Why, he is not dead, man!" said the querist. "Don't you trouble yourself," replied the other; "Dr. Coe told us to make his coffin, and I guess he knows what he gave him."

An irritable man went to visit a sick friend, and asked him concerning his health. The patient was so ill that he could not reply; whereupon the other, in a rage, said, "I hope that I may soon fall sick, and then I will not answer you when you visit me."

CUTS OFF OF THE TURKEY.
THANKSGIVING DAY, 1868.

"Any part, Sir; it doesn't make the slightest difference."



"The Pope's nose? Certainly."

"Wants Turkey too, for 'ittle darlin'."

Finis.

A bright little boy was asked by a lady if he studied hard at school. He replied that he did not hurt himself much at it.

"Oh," said the lady, "you must study hard, or you will never be President of the United States."

"Yes, ma'am," he replied; "but I don't expect to be: I am a Democrat."

### IM-PORT-ANT.

When is a poor string like good liquor? When its poor twine (port wine).

Apropos of port wine, it is hardly the thing to designate the mouth of a naval officer who is addicted to its use as a port-hole.

The great natural port—Portland.

Port liked by the young ladies—Sup-port.

Prime custom-house ports—Im-ports.

The Sublime Port of Turkey is not a port-able (poor table) port, any more than what we designate the porte-monnaie is cash for port wine.

The port of the newspaper—Re-port.

Port of the West Indies—Port O'Rico.

The darkey says port wine is like good manners when it's de-port-ment by gentlemen.

The following affecting lines may be found upon a tombstone in Connecticut:

Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit,
The wife of Deacon Amos Shute!
She died of drinking too much coffee,
Anny Dominy eighteen-forty.

"Have you any good tooth-picks, Mr. Mortapot—something good and also cheap?"

"Yes, Sir, just from the hotel; only been used once; not a bit damaged at the other end. Put you up a box, Sir?"

### THE GRECIAN BEND.

Not the bow of deep affliction,
Nor the bend for benediction,
Grecian grace! in thee I view,
Angle of the ancient well-sweep,
As the bucket downward plunged deep,
See thyself as others do.

Hateful stoop of affectation,
Gracing no one in creation,
Who of thee did first conceive?
Or who see this strange position,
Wishing not that some physician
Would the sufferer relieve?

Of thee many words are spoken,
By thee many backs most broken;
Only one thing more I'll do,
Grecian Bend, thou child of fashion,
Wasting not on thee my passion,
I will hope thy days are few.

"Wife, wife, what has become of the grapes?"

"I suppose, my dear, the hens picked them off," was her moderate reply.

"Hens—hens!—some two-legged hens, I guess," said her husband, with some impetuosity; to which she calmly replied,

"My dear, did you ever see any other kind?"

"How do you like the character of St. Paul?" asked a parson of his landlady one day, during a conversation about the old saints and the Apostles. "Ah! he was a good, clever old soul, I know, for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

What is the difference between a honey-comb and a honey-moon?—A honey-comb consists of a number of small "cells," and a honey-moon consists of one great "sell."

PREPARING FOR THANKSGIVING.—SKETCHED BY J. W. EHNINGER.—[SEE PAGE 762.]

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER.—Sketched by W. S. L. Jewett.—[See Page 762.]

## THANKSGIVING.

There are not many *dies fasti* with us Americans. How nations and times differ in this regard! The ancients, owing to their love of outward show, had frequent festivals; and the same is true of the more barbarous races of the present time. Thus among the Abyssinians two-thirds of the days of the year are festival days. The progress of civilization has a tendency toward the elimination of these days from the calendar. This is to be accounted for partly by the fact that life, as regulated by civilization, is forever growing busier and more intense; as men depart from their primitive modes of living they have less leisure, they live more and more "by their wits," and find that the necessities of such a life occupy nearly all of their time. Besides, the cultivated intellect looks rather to the inherent significance of life, and therefore devotes less attention to outward show; it rejects feast-days and processions; and thus it is that the earnestness of modern thought has discarded most of those external manifestations without which the life of the barbarian would be insufferably dull and tedious. Not that modern life is less of a drama; on the contrary, it is a subtler and intenser drama, more significant and more profound.

Civilization develops home life, and reserves for that the greatest and best of its powers. Our two great festivals—Thanksgiving and Christmas—are home-festivals. The former is national, it is true, and the latter is religious; but while they are thus connected in our thoughts with our common country and our common faith, while they are bonds of social union and harmony, still they are celebrated by families, and find their natural centre in our hearth-stones.

Hence the memorable feature of Thanksgiving Day is not the sermon but the dinner. This festival is preserved not for its outdoor show but for its private sacredness. If our artists had prepared for our readers a sketch representing a congregation listening to a Thanksgiving sermon instead of the characteristic pictures on pages 760 and 761, nobody would take the trouble to look at it. But who will not be touched by our illustration representing a family at the market purchasing their Thanksgiving dinner? We almost go through the whole scene in our imaginations. We hear the market-man praising his nice fat turkeys as if they were his pets; we see the serious face of the good-wife, who is counting the cost and calculating how far the contents of her purse will go, and we congratulate the wisely silent husband, who regards his wife with a deferential look that seems to say: "Every thing depends upon you, my love." Truly has Mr. Ehninger portrayed this interesting group; and not less characteristic is Mr. Jewett's illustration on the opposite page. It is "The first Thanksgiving Dinner" of a poor little girl who has been called in from the cold street to feel the delicious warmth of a home such as she never has had, and to taste dishes and dainties never tasted before. Those who called her in do not fully appreciate the situation; it is with them a common affair—but to the little wanderer it seems like a bit of heaven!

Oh, if we only knew what charity really means—what really is the pith of our Christianity—then indeed there would be happier hearts all the world over, and not only Thanksgiving Day but all the days of the year would be crowned with the love of Christ.

## UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH.

It was three o'clock on a fine warm afternoon in the latter end of April. The garden at the rear of the comfortable, whitewashed, thickly-thatched cabin was abundantly stocked with early cabbage and potatoes; every thing bore the look of humble prosperity; from the blue smoke curling up from the freshly-made fire on the kitchen hearth to the green meadows where the cows were lying peacefully ruminating. A broad river, glistening in the sun's rays, rolled smoothly beside the boundary-wall of their pasture.

Yet Kate Moran stood at her father's door looking sadly across the river to the mass of shipping, houses, and spires which rose on the other side.

"Mother, honey, I can't keep me eyes aff that dhreadful place!" said she, turning as she spoke to an elderly woman who sat knitting on a bench near the fire.

"Musha, acushla, what good 'll that do ye?" said she, rising and going over to the door also. "Come in now," putting her hand on her daughter's shoulder caressingly.

"Oh, mother! To think o' the poor fellow bein'—" Here she fairly broke down, and burst into a wail of distress.

"Whisht now!" cried her mother. "Here's your faither comin', and don't let him see ye cryin'."

Kate ran hastily into a bedroom as her father entered the kitchen.

"There's no chance for the poor craythur, Pat?" asked his wife, as a broad-faced, good-humored looking man came forward and sat down on the settle.

"Chance?" said he, roughly, while his face clouded. "Sorrow chance! He'll be hung, as sure as I've this pipe in me hand."

"Lord have mercy on his sowl, the craythur!" moaned his wife.

"Oh, musha! amin!" said her husband, sighing. "I'm goin' in wud the cowlt to the fair to-morra, an' to see the last of him. It's niver I thought to see poor Mick Welsh's son on a gallus!"

The sun was setting over the opposite hill, where the tall many-storied houses rose in terraces and steep lanes, and was shedding the last beams of his radiance on the large dark stone building which crowned the height. The red light seemed to be concentrated on one part of the building, where there was an iron gateway, spiked and double-locked. Far above in the dark massive wall was a small black door. And beneath this door and around this gateway men were busy putting up strong timber railings; while a crowd, talking and gesticulating, constantly pressed in upon the workmen, and were driven back by officials in uniform and a few soldiers.

Inside the massive walls other workmen were busy, but their work was commonplace enough. Something was wrong with the great main sewer of the jail. Masons and bricklayers had been laboring for some hours; and now, when the city clocks and bells were striking six, they were taking up their tools, putting on their coats, and leaving their work till next day.

There were no rough jests among them. One man laughed as a companion slipped down into the slimy ditch whence they had emerged; but his merriment was checked by an involuntary look from the others toward the far side of the yard, where a man in a felon's dress and with manacled hands was walking slowly up and down.

"Lord have mercy on his sowl!" muttered an old mason, compassionately. "Poor Tim Welsh! As honest a boy afore he got into bad company as iver a father rared."

Whether the prisoner had caught the sound of his name or not, he raised his head and looked sadly toward them.

"Lord help him!" said two or three of the men; "for makin' away with one poor sheep—what a rich man had plenty of!"

An official came across the yard to look at their day's work, and after asking some questions, walked away, saying, "Come along now, the gate is open."

So, casting a backward glance at the manacled prisoner, the men passed through an arch into an inner court, whence the great doors opened to let them out into the street.

The manacled man gazed after their retreating figures with a sigh—almost a groan—as he thought of their return to their homes, free and happy, from their honest labor, while he—the "rap, rap, rap, tap, tap" of carpenters' hammers outside beat at the thought he could not dwell upon.

There was no one with him, no one near him, but a turnkey pacing up and down an angle of the building; for in those days there was far less vigilance than now. He was not confined to his cell on this, the last day of his life, but was permitted to walk about the quadrangles of the prison; apart from the other criminals, however, and securely handcuffed.

Bitter and despairing were his thoughts. He thought of his gray-haired widowed mother, of his stalwart young brothers, of the lads he had played ball with, of Katie Moran, whom he had danced with at the fair only two months ago. Mechanically he walked across the square to the place where the bricklayers and masons had been busy: thinking as he did so, half unconsciously, how large the opening was, how long the great sewer was, and where it emptied itself. Suddenly a thought occurred to him, making his pale thin face flush, and his fettered hands tremble with excitement. He turned sharply away lest he should excite suspicion, and loitered with his former heavy weary step toward the doorway of the inner court-yard.

"Goin' in, are you?" said the turnkey.

"Yes," replied the prisoner.

The official stalked on before him into the adjoining square, then opening a door, passed through a long stone corridor, and stopping before a cell-door, unlocked it. "If you want any thing, you can call," he said, graciously, through the trap in the door as he relocked it.

"Thank ye," answered the condemned man. If the official had been better skilled in reading faces, he might have looked to the fastening of the cell-door a little more carefully.

Tim Welsh had noticed that the bolt of the lock was very shaky, and he knew that a shaky bolt can be forced back.

It would not be dusk for a long while yet, but he could not wait; the one chance—desperate, hopeless, as it seemed—must be tried quickly. While the turnkey's steps re-echoed in his hearing, he, still fettered, unscrewed the iron leg of his bedstead, and, stealing forward, waited until he heard the great doors at the end of the corridor clash; then, putting the leg of the bedstead between the bolt and the wall, he strove with all his strength to force it back. But it resisted, and he dared not make a noise.

In despair he replaced the leg, and sat down to recover breath. Soon he heard another turnkey coming. He went to the cell-door and called.

"What is it? What d'ye want?"

"A dhrink of wather, plase; I'm very thirsty."

When the turnkey had brought in the water, and retired, Welsh, who had been watching the lock, saw that, though gone to its place, it was not half as far home as before. He drank the water to cool his burning mouth and parched throat, and, seizing the iron leg again, listened as before until the doors clashed, when, placing the instrument in the old place, he—first gently shaking the bolt—gave it a vigorous blow, the sound of which was lost in the noisy echoes from the shutting doors. The bolt shot back, he pulled the door open, and peered around; returning to his bed, he replaced the leg, and made up a bundle under the clothes, as well as he could, with the aid of the bolster; then closing the cell-door softly after him, he ran lightly down the gallery to the door that opened into the yard. The key was in it, he turned the key, and, glancing around for the second time, shut it after him and darted across to the arched doorway, where a sentry paced.

How to get past this soldier was the question, while he trembled in mingled horror at the sound of the "rap-rap" "rap, tap-tap" coming freshly to his ears, and the thought of probable freedom, and more probable recapture. At this moment the sentry turned back on his beat, and the prisoner, crouching in the doorway, stole swiftly along by the wall to the opposite side of the yard, and slunk in beside a buttress. The open sewer was on the same side but further down. Trembling in every limb, he lay huddled up, not daring to move, lest he should attract attention, until the sentry turned for the third time. Then he fled along by the wall, and dropping into the sewer crept into the darkness there.

"Safe for a while, any how, glory be to God!" he gasped.

But as the poor creature pushed his way onward, through the foul air, in a stooping position, with his fettered hands pushed out before him to feel his way, a deadly sickness came over him. Still the faintly glimmering prospect of escape kept him up.

Fortunately there were but few rats. Five or six times he felt them biting at his feet, from which his coarse stockings had long been cut to pieces, and heard them squeaking as they scrambled up the dripping walls. "Will I iver smell a fresh breeze again, Lord help me!" he groaned. As he crawled along under the principal streets he could hear the carriages rolling over his head, and at one grating to which he came he heard the words of a song, chorused by some men near a public house. At length, after he had been more than eight hours on his way, he heard the rolling of the river, saw a faint gleam through the pitchy darkness, felt a faint fresh breeze from the flowing tide. A few more steps—falling in his eagerness—and the glimmer grew clearer, the breeze grew fresher, and he reached the river bank.

It was just four o'clock, and the clear solemn light of the dawn was shed over the sleeping city; the gardens were fresh in early fruit and flowers; the noble river rippling serenely on, and the cottages, trees, and meadows lay far on the other side. Very far off they looked, and the river—cold, broad, and deep, lay between; yet the undaunted fugitive, fettered, aching, sick, exhausted, muttered another prayer, and plunged in.

The cold water gave him a temporary strength; keeping his eyes fixed on the goal of his hopes, he swam on, almost entirely by the movement of his legs and feet, as his hands were nearly useless to him.

But the bracing effect of the cold shock was soon followed by a distressing numbness. His utmost efforts barely sufficed to keep his head above water and propel him slowly onward. Slower and fainter became each stroke, and a wave of the rising tide rushed over his head, when with a gurgling moan he made a last effort and his feet touched the bottom. He now stood upright, and slowly waded to the low muddy shore, where he sank down on the sedge and sea-pinks, and swooned away.

"I must be stirrin' meself," said Pat Moran to his wife, about half past four o'clock that morning. "I've a power to do. I've to take the cowlt to the fair, an' the turnip-field to plow afore I go."

Just as the first beams of golden sunlight were resting on the cabin chimneys, and on the high buildings of the city hills opposite, he led his two horses from their stable to the field by the river, where the plow lay, and having yoked them he began turning up the furrows afresh.

"It's a fine mornin', glory be to God!" he soliloquized, "on'y fer the poor sowl that's to see the last of it. Musha! What's that? Woa, thin," he cried, suddenly catching sight of something which looked like a heap of muddy clothes. "Lord save us!" And without losing a moment, he ran down to where the unconscious man was lying, face downward, on the sedge.

Pat Moran's first impulse was to run for help; his next to raise the body gently and drag it further up. The motion aroused the poor half-dead creature.

"Who, in Heaven's name, are ye, an' what brought ye here?" inquired the farmer, looking in terror at the handcuffs.

"I'm—aren't you Pat Moran?"

"Yes."

"Pat, ye knew me poor father. I'm Tim Welsh, the poor fellow that's to be hanged to-day. Won't ye thry an' save me, for the love of God? I've come through the sewer. I'm all night creepin' through it, an' I swam the river, an' I'm 'most gone! Won't ye thry an' save me, Pat Moran, and the Lord 'll remimber it to you an' your childher foriver."

"Tim Welsh! Lord be good to me. What am I to do wud ye? I'm done for, if you're found wud me, an' how can I save ye? What am I to do? Sure 'tisn't in the regard of sayin' that I wouldn't do a good turn for ye, Tim; but the counthry'll be roused afther ye, an' where'll I hide ye, or what 'll I do at all?" Thus groaned the farmer as he opened the little gate and led him into the kitchen, where Kate was baking a griddle-cake for breakfast.

"Father, honey! O lor! What's that?" she cried, as the tottering figure in the soaked, discolored garments came into the cheerful light of the turf-fire.

"Whisht, acushla! It's Tim Welsh," he whispered. Kate sprang up from her knees, and her face grew white.

"Kate, honey, what are we to do wud him?" said her father, trembling, as he recounted the manner of Tim's escape.

"Hide him, father!" she cried, with all a woman's impulsive generosity. "The Lord pity you!" she added, bursting into tears at sight of the wretched object before her.

"I'll do what I can, Tim. Give him a bit to ate, Katie. I'll spake to some one I can thrust."

"Pat, me life is in your hands," broke in the fugitive.

"Never fear, avick. I'll do me best for ye." He hurried away a few hundred yards to the house of his landlord, a Protestant minister; he knocked furiously at his front-door, and was admitted by a sleepy maid-servant.

"Somethin' I want to spake to the masther about—I'm goin' to the fair this mornin'—tell him I'm in a great hurry, af ye plase."

After a minute's delay the gentleman appeared.

"Somethin' very particular, Sir," said the farmer, in a low voice. "About that cow you were spakin' to me, Sir," he added, for the maid-servant's benefit.

"Come into my study here, Moran," said his landlord.

"Be your lave, Sir, I'll shut the door," said Moran. Then walking over to the table, he put his clasped hands on it.

"Misther Raymond, I can thrust you. I'm in a great hobble, Sir, an' I dunno what to do at all. Misther Raymond, you was always a kind friend, and a good friend, and you'll not betray me? It's another man's saycret, an' you must give me your word, Sir, else I'd be afeard to let mortal man hear me."

"Moran, if you think I can promise as a man and a Christian, I will. You may trust me, whatever it is," said Mr. Raymond.

Thus assured, the farmer unfolded his story, and begged his landlord's counsel.

"I hardly know how to advise you, Moran," said he, as soon as he could speak coherently in his astonishment. "The poor fellow will be found out, I'm afraid, in spite of all you can do, and you'll get into great trouble. Have his handcuffs filed off at all events," he went on in a low tone. "Martin Leary will do it, and you can trust him, and maybe the best you can do is to give the fugitive some of your clothes, and some food, and this." He took a guinea from a drawer. "Bury his prison-clothes carefully in the manure-pit, and start him on the road to Wexford. That is all you can do safely; but be quick!"

The farmer left the house and ran on to the blacksmith's forge, where the smith and his son were getting to work.

"Martin, I'm in a great hurry, goin' to the fair, an' I want ye to run over wud somethin' to cut a chain for me; 'twon't take you five minutes. Martin, you niver did a bether day's work in your life if you'll come as fast as your legs 'll carry ye!" He said this in an under-tone while the son's back was turned, "and whisht for all sakes!" he added, clenching his hand and shaking it at the unconscious young Vulcan; then he rushed out, leaving the father grasping a bar of iron and staring after him.

The smith, with the freemasonry that exists among the Irish peasantry, perceived that there was secrecy and trouble in the way, and that his good faith was relied on. He picked up some tools, muttered an excuse to his son, and followed, hastily.

When Pat Moran reached home he was met at the door by Kate.

"Is he safe?"

"Yes, father, he's in the room atin' a bit."

Her father went in, and going up to his strange guest, said, "I'm goin' to do what I can for you, Tim." Then they all began discussing eagerly the best way for the fugitive to take.

"But, Lord! The whole counthry'll be roused afther him!" broke in the farmer, dejectedly, as they suggested various lonely hill-paths and cross-cuts. "Lord! they'll root up the ground after him! I must thry though, I must thry. Heaven mend me! Aff I didn't lave the horses all this time, an' niver—" he ejaculated, catching sight of his forgotten team, who had dragged the plow after them to the adjoining meadow, and were grazing there.

A sudden thought struck him, and he hastily returned to the house with his face flushed. As he entered the kitchen he ran against the smith, Martin Leary, who was staring about him.

"Martin, you're thrue an' honest, I know, an' you'd do a good turn as soon as any man I know," said Pat Moran, abruptly.

"There's me hand on it," returned the smith, bringing down his black fist on the other's shoulder. In a few words he was told what was required of him, and also of the bright thought that had just occurred to Pat Moran.

"Here! Let me at it," cried the smith, enthusiastically grasping his chisel and hammer. Thereupon the farmer led him into the little room, where Kate was administering hot tea and smoking griddle-cake to the poor fellow, who ate and drank almost mechanically, with his eyes fixed on the pretty face and busy hands that ministered to him.

"Here, Tim, is some one to do you a good turn. Hould out your hands, me boy! Peggy," turning to his wife, who was devoutly groaning and telling her beads in a corner, "go an' get me ould clothes, an' Kitty, run for that yellow clay in the kitchen-garden! Run!" She did as she was bid, and when she returned with the clay, was desired to keep out of the room for a few minutes.

"Mother honey, what are they doing?" she inquired.

"Sorra bit o' me knows, acushla. On'y your father has some plan in his head. Oh! Kitty, agra, I'm thrimblin' to think of the throuble he may be gittin' into. Och, Pat, honey, what are ye goin' to do at all?" she cried, addressing her husband, who came out of the bedroom, dressed in his best blue swallow-tailed coat, corduroys, and new gray stockings.

"I'm goin' to show this new sarvint boy where he's to plow, afore I go to the fair;" said the farmer, with a wink to the two women, who stared open-eyed at the change of the condemned man with the fatal prison garb dripping with mud and sand, and fettered wrists, into a careless, easy-going looking young laborer, in a suit of well-worn and patched frieze and corduroy, dirty

and clayey, with lumps of clay sticking on his brogues, a rakish "caubeen" slouched over his eyes, and a black "dhudeen" between his lips.

"Now come on! 'Tis time you were at your work. His name's Maurice Slattery, Kate; an' he's wud us this month back!"

"Oh, father, honey!" "Oh, Pat, acushla!" cried the wife and daughter, with admiration.

The young man, taking the pipe from his mouth, said, solemnly, "May God forever bless you, Pat Moran, an' you, Mrs. Moran, an' you, Kate, an' you, Martin Leary!" and he grasped their hands all round.

"Come, 'tis six o'clock," said the farmer. "You know where the plow is, Maurice Slattery. You've a new piece of iron to melt, Martin. An', Kate, you've to bury them clothes. Come an' I'll show you where."

Half an hour afterward he was riding slowly to the fair on his young horse which was to be sold, casting cautious glances backward at the field by the river, where he could see his horses plowing, and his new servant boy toiling quietly after them.

Such confusion and excitement had not been known for years in the old cathedral town. Police there were none in those days; but the whole garrison had turned out in search of the escaped felon. Groups of red-coats perambulated the streets, the roads leading to the country, and even the lanes and meadows. Hundreds of country-folk, who had come in to see the execution, also crowded the town. The throng on the prison-hill was so dense that the farmer could scarcely proceed a step. They were all talking vociferously in Irish or English, every one giving his or her version of the wonderful story. Some declared that the prisoner had not escaped, and that it was a device of the authorities to conceal some foul play. When Pat Moran had elbowed his way with great difficulty almost to the prison gates, he looked eagerly for the objects of his search, some of Tim's own people, whom he discovered sitting and standing together in an excited group.

"Pat Moran, d'ye bleeve this?" said one of the men, hoarsely, clutching the farmer's coat. "D'ye bleeve that poor Tim has got out of their cursed thrap?"

"John Welsh, Tim did get out!"

"Whisht! Lord save us!" they all broke in with one voice.

"'Tisn't safe to say more. I'm thrimblin' that some o' them fellows wid the brass buttons will hear me," glancing toward the turnkey, dimly visible behind the iron grating; "but you, John Welsh, an' you, Mick Power, come wud a car to-night to the cross-roads beyant the ferry, at twelve o'clock, an' there'll be a *friend* to see ye. Whisht, for your sowls!"

The prison warders were not long in discovering by what means the captive had effected his escape; and from the opening the search was carried above-ground to the mouth of the sewer where it emptied itself into the river. A venturesome spirit even crept up a few dozen yards of the black passage, but speedily returned, vowing that nothing could live half an hour in it. Nevertheless, they sought for footmarks on the river brink; but the friendly tide had been before them. Still, on the supposition that he might have lived to reach the river and swim across, a party of prison officials and soldiers was ferried over, and marched in a body to Farmer Moran's house.

Kate was busy feeding chickens, and her mother peeling potatoes, when they both caught sight of the gleam of scarlet and white cross-belts, and heard loud tones and footsteps.

"Lord, be good and marciful to us evermore, amin! Protect and save us!" muttered Peggy Moran, dropping the potato she was peeling, and turning with a face of terror to her daughter, who whispered, without turning her head,

"Mother, darlin', don't purtend any thing, for all sakes. Chucky, chucky! Chuck, chuck, chuck!" she went on, raising her voice gayly, as she scattered the food.

"Servant, Sir," she said, wiping her hands and courtesying to a tall stout officer, who strode up to the door, scattering the chickens by the clanking of his spurs and sword.

"Is this Farmer Moran's, my good girl?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Are you his daughter?"

"Yes, Sir, and this is my mother."

"Where's your husband, Mrs. Moran?" said the officer, turning to the poor woman, who was endeavoring to look calm.

"At the fair, Sir—oh sure, 'tisn't got into any harm Pat has, Sir?"

"What harm should he get into—about this runaway prisoner you mean?" said the officer, trying to startle her into some admission.

"What man, Sir?" cried Kate. "Law, mother, honey! That's what that boy was telling us!"

"What boy?" said the officer, now off his guard.

"A boy, Sir—oh! a ra'al little chap—a gossoon—run in here a while ago an' said the man that's to be hung's got out an' run away—an' sure we didn't bleeve him!" said Kate, with such an air of self-possession and innocent inquisitiveness that the officer was completely deceived. A boy *had* come in as she had said, and told the wonderful story, so she spoke the truth in that part of her assertion.

"Well, Mrs. Moran," said the officer, "you've no objection to have your premises searched, I suppose? It is suspected that the prisoner is hidden somewhere about here."

"Musha, what put that into yere heads?" said Peggy Moran, angrily. "Faith! it's somethin' else we'd be thinkin' of, an' not meddlin' wud the law; but you're welcome to sarch away, Sir, as long as ye like, on'y its a quare thing to have an honest man's house sarched like a rogue's!"

"I must do my duty," said the officer.

"Sure the gintleman won't do us any hurt, mother," said Kate. "Please don't let 'em thrample the potatoes, Sir!" she called out as the men turned into the little garden.

Pat Moran's words were almost fulfilled, that the pursuers would root up the ground in search of the fugitive. Not a bush or a hollow about the ground, not a loft or cranny in the house or out-building but was thoroughly investigated. At last, with a sickening feeling of apprehension, Kate saw the band disperse themselves over the fields, and three soldiers run across the plowed field to question the man who was plowing.

Welsh's blood ran cold as he saw them coming; but recollecting that they did not know his face, he glanced over his shoulder, and shouted in a feigned voice to the horses.

The soldiers were young and careless. They merely asked two or three questions in an irrelevant way, staring up at the sky and down at the clay, as if they expected to discover the prisoner transformed into a spirit of earth or air. Then they ran off again; and Welsh breathed freely until he spied six other soldiers advancing toward him, with the officer in charge, and two others in dark frock-coats with shining buttons and red collars.

"God help me! Sure I can only die!" he murmured.

"How long have you been plowing?" said the officer.

"Sence daybreak, Sir. Woa! An' hard work I have had, every one runnin' to me sence breakfast, axin' me did I see the man that run away. Steady there!" The laborer sulkily keeping his back toward the prison warders.

"He is supposed to have swum the river," said the officer; "and if so, and you have been here since daybreak, he could not have got over without you seeing him."

"Sorra haporte I see, sure, if he did; an' he must be a brave swimmer to come across that river this time o' year, an' the wather like ice," said the plow-boy, with an incredulous grin; "sure he might land down farther, it's a gr'a'daal narrer, but any how I see nothin'. Conshume ye, straight!" he growled at the horses, and, bending double over the plow, furrowed on. The officer called his men hurriedly back to the country road.

The long day drew to a close, and when Kate came to call the plow-boy to his supper, whispering that there was no one in but her father and mother, he felt as if he had lived a lifetime in the past twenty-four hours.

The farmer laughed heartily in telling some of the stories which were rife about the prisoner's disappearance. His body had been picked up four miles down the river, his clothes had been found by a turnkey under a bush, and his handcuffs had been picked up—filed half across—in a bog ten miles away.

"Faith I bursted laughin'," said Pat Moran, "when I knew that Martin Leary had 'em welded into linch-pins, an' that Katy had the clothes buried in last year's manure hape!"

So they chatted pleasantly and securely, while the rescued man sat silent from thankfulness and gratitude, only casting side looks at Kate and sighing heavily.

"Musha, man, don't be sighin'!" cried the farmer, jocosely; "you'll be kickin' up yere heels at your weddin' in Ameriky this time twelve-month, plase God!"

"No, Misther Moran, I'll never marry any one in Ameriky," answered Welsh.

Kate got up to put on fresh fuel immediately.

"Och, niver fear, you will," replied the farmer, with good-natured obtuseness.

"Musha, Misther Moran, 'tisn't every man 'ud give his daughter to one like me," said Welsh, in a low tone.

"Arrah, Tim, agra, who'd think the worse o' you for havin' got into throuble an' got out agin?" pursued the farmer.

"Ah, 'tisn't every one is like you," said Welsh, sighing.

"Oh, sure no one will know any thing in Ameriky, Tim; that's where you're goin', I suppose?" said Mrs. Moran, gravely and coldly.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Welsh. "I hope so."

The good woman was far more acute than her husband, and disliking the turn the conversation was taking, began to introduce other topics; but with little success, as her husband grew sleepy and stupid, Kate sat quite silent, and Welsh was sad. Thus they sat until twelve had struck, and then Welsh and the farmer rose to walk on to the cross-roads, where the car was to be in readiness with his relatives as convoy and body-guard.

Welsh shook Mrs. Moran's hard hand and kissed it in the fullness of his emotion, uttering broken words of gratitude and blessing. Then he turned to Kate, who was weeping silently; he strove to speak, but words failed him, and he grasped her hand passionately and turned away.

"I'll shut the gate afther ye," said Kate, following them out into the darkness. So she did, and Welsh delayed a moment, helping her to find the loop and staple, probably; though he strove to put a few hasty words together, which had no reference to the gate.

"Keep up yere heart, Kate, agra," he whispered; "I'll send ye a lether whin I get safe over, plase God!"

Welsh sailed for England in a small coasting vessel, and thence from Liverpool, where he remained concealed for some weeks until the ardor of the pursuit after him had abated, he embarked on board a fast-sailing vessel—for there were no steamers in those days—for America. When he landed he sought the home of a relative who had been settled in the new country for some years, and, by industry and strict honesty—for the dreadful lesson taught him was not wasted—he very soon became independent of his cousin, and had his own snug house and thriving farm.

He wrote regularly to the Morans; to the father first, then to the mother, and, lastly, to the daughter. When he had amassed a little money he wrote again to the farmer, telling the astonished man his hopes and wishes concerning Kate. Peggy Moran angrily declared her husband to have been blind all along—as there is no doubt he was—but she positively refused to listen for a moment to the audacious suitor. However, "time works wonders." Her violent opposition died away gradually, and Kate waited patiently. At the end of five years, her father being then dead, she and her mother departed for the land beyond the sea.

## A SONG.

I'll sing you a song, my love,
I'll sing you a song,
And it's all about the old summer times,
When the days were long.
It's all about the old sunny times,
When the flowers grew,
When we walked underneath the linden-trees,
I and you.

And I'll sing it so sweet, my love,
I'll sing it so sweet,
That you'll think of the pleasant scented hour
When we used to meet.
You'll think of the leafy laden bank,
Where the blossoms blew,
When we talked underneath the linden-trees,
I and you.

And I'll sing it so sad, my love,
I'll sing it so sad,
That you'll think my poor heart's full of pain,
When it's only glad.
You'll think that it's full of foolish pain
When it's only true
To the days when we walked by the linden-trees,
I and you.

## JOHNNY'S OPINION OF HIMSELF.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

My name is Johnny—at least that is my domestic and pet name, which I generally go by. My other, if I gave it, might break in too much upon the sanctity of my private life—a proceeding obnoxious to both dogs and men.

I conclude I am both a good dog and a pretty dog, or the artist would not have taken so much pains to draw my likeness. There it is—hung on the wall—and a very good likeness, I can assure you. The young lady who is fondling me, and whom I am trying hard to kiss, is, I beg distinctly to state, *not* my mistress. That lady is a much older, graver, and more alarming person, for whom I have the utmost respect; but as to kissing her—dear me! I should never think of such a thing. For she has not been, ever since I can remember, my *magister morum* (which is canine Latin I know, but never mind), the stern guardian of my morals, the awful arbitress of my destiny? Were it not for her—But no more! Perhaps, like most young animals, I shall learn to appreciate her better as I grow older.

I must have been very young when I came to this house. Indeed, I have but the faintest recollection of any other. Sometimes I think my first real glimpse of existence must have been when I was taken out of solitary confinement in a thing called a hamper—too small for me to do more than just stretch myself, too dark to see any thing; and as for hearing, I had been nearly deafened by hours of constant noise—rumbling, rolling, and fizzing, intermingled with sharp shrieks, which nearly frightened me to death. I afterward understood this to have been a railway journey. Out of its horrors I was saved, taken out of my hamper, warmed, and fed, then spirited off again half asleep. I remember nothing else till I found myself peering out of the clutches of a small boy, who conveyed me very carefully along a solitary green road until we met my mistress. "Oh, what a bonnie wee dog!" said she, and immediately received me into her arms. She carried me home herself. Her words were so kind, her shawl so warm and comfortable, that I had little fear of her, and began biting her sleeve with great content. Alas! since then—But let me not forestall things.

As I have said, my name is Johnny. I am, as you may observe, a Skye terrier; of noble birth I presume, since, whenever I hear my origin talked about, there are sure to be references to the "duke's game-keeper." Whether I belonged to the duke or the game-keeper I can not discover; in the absence of proof, let us conclude it was the duke.

My personal appearance speaks for itself, and as I am always mentioned as being "thorough-bred," I trust my manners are quite unexceptionable, as well as my principles. I know my mistress has her own crotchets on the subject of what constitutes a gentleman, so let us hope that a dog of the purest breed could not be otherwise than a dog of the highest character.

She (to save trouble I will always write her down as She, with a capital S) must have desired me to become such, for She commenced my education very early. The first thing She did, after feeding me, was attempting to make me clean.

Now I don't like to be washed: dogs never do—nor children neither; and I was so very young—a mere baby, indeed. She treated me like a baby. She put on a big apron, had a tub of warm water ready, into which She soused me, soaping and rubbing me with her own hands, till all my pretty curls were wetted through. I shrank into the size of a rat, and came out, struggling no more, but shaking all over. She laid me on her lap, rubbed me dry, coaxed and patted me, then put me into a little round basket lined with flannel, where I could just curl myself round, and which She called my "cradle." But afterward, finding I shivered still, though more with fright than cold, She coaxed me out of it, and taught me to run backward and forward in the warm sunshine after her feet. This was so amusing that I soon recovered myself, and showed my pleasure by biting her stockings and tearing a piece off the hem of her gown.

After that I was washed every week—as I am still. No doubt it is all for my good; but it is very unpleasant, and I don't like unpleasant things.

Gradually I became accustomed to the house, and preferred it to the garden, which was sometimes soppy, sometimes snowy, and, it being winter, always cold. But the house was very comfortable. There were carpets and rugs in every room—delightful to sleep upon, and to tear to pieces when one woke and wanted a little amusement. At least I thought so at first, but time has taught me differently.

I shall never forget my first lesson on this matter. One day, after sleeping on a worked sofa-cushion, I found it consisted of the head of a dog like myself—only much bigger and uglier—a portrait, though I then thought it reality. Of course I attacked it at once, and, finding it did not resist, would have torn it to pieces, but it was tough—and besides, I was half afraid of it. It might have come alive, then what would have become of me? So I contented myself with dragging it about the floor, and gnawing one of its tassels to bits. I had just satisfactorily accomplished this, when—in came my master and mistress!

Now my master has the tenderest heart in the world. He would let me do any thing, wrong or right. If by chance he gives me a sharp word, he immediately takes and cuddles me up, and calls me the best of doggies, and says that I may do any thing I choose—which of course I do. Nay, one day, when I had been amusing myself in the garden by biting off certain obnoxious plants newly set in the borders—and had been accordingly punished—I heard him whisper to himself: "Never mind, my wee doggie! you're more to me than all the geraniums in the garden!"—I am sure *he* would never have said a word if I had eaten up all the four tassels instead of only one; but he looked at my mistress, who looked very grave.

"This can't go on," said She.

"No—but Johnny meant no harm—he doesn't know right from wrong."

"How is he to know it, unless we teach him? It is our fault, not the doggie's. But if we don't make him understand he will grow up a nuisance to every body in the house. He *must* be punished."

"I suppose so," said my master; and turned away.

Then my mistress took me up in her arms—showed me the tassel—called me "Naughty dog!" many times over, in a grave, severe, sorrowful voice, and then—She whipped me! Not so as to hurt me much, but still enough to show how very angry She was with me; and She being a person who is not often angry made it more alarming still. I shrank into the smallest possible compass on the floor, then slinked away into a corner with my tail between my legs, and the tears running down from my eyes—and I never gnawed the cushion again.

This was my first grievous sin that I remember—but, no doubt, I committed a great many more. Indeed, I was always doing wrong things. The servants—who I must say have always been uncommonly kind to me—were forever complaining to my mistress of the things I tore and destroyed. I even got into her bedroom and bit a hole in her newest and neatest pair of boots. I heard her say the mice had done it, and that She must get a cat immediately, but I knew in my secret heart that it was not the mice—it was I.

Then as spring came on, the garden (which you must know is the delight and pride of my mistress's heart) became my favorite play-place, and of course every day something uncomfortable was happening. One morning the gardener came to her with a serious countenance (I should observe She had given strict orders that no one should punish me but herself).

"Ma'am," said he, "that dog will be the ruin of us. He has jumped among my cuttings, scratched up my seeds, bitten the tops off my young blossoms, and as to the number of flower-pots he has broken, it is endless! Oh, what a nuisance is a dog in a garden!"

"Still, we can't keep him out of it," said She, sighing; "we can only teach him to behave himself in it. He is such a young dog—perhaps he'll mend. I'll take him in hand myself."

From that time, every plant I destroyed—and I shouldn't like to count them—She took me up to it, showed it to me, and then scolded and whipped me soundly. Gradually I began to understand that flowers were meant to be looked at, not bitten, and beds were to be ran round, not to be scampered over. And as there are plenty of gravel-walks, shrubberies, and a beautiful lawn—where I may play about without vexing any body—I keep to the regulations, and have been a better and happier dog ever since.

Nevertheless, I stand in great awe of my mistress. I look upon her as the administrator of justice; and though, as I said, I respect her extremely, I can't say I love her so well as I do my kind master, or the cook who gives me my meals, or the gentle little parlor-maid who carries me off to bed every night—out of the drawing-room into the kitchen—and who, whenever it is her duty to report my misdeeds, or bring me up for punishment, looks as sorry as if she were going to be whipped herself.

"A VERY GOOD LIKENESS, I CAN ASSURE YOU."

"I WAS SO PLEASED WITH IT THAT I ATE THE WHOLE BACK."

But my life is not all composed of whippings, I assure you. I have a very jolly time of it, both in house and garden. In the former I derive great amusement from the incessant pursuit of rats and mice. Not that I ever see them, but I have a conviction they are there. I have often lain for half an hour at a time, quite still, with my nose in a corner of the room, smelling for them—and if they only would come out to me! But they never will. And sometimes I hear my master and mistress laughing because I persist in searching for them in all sorts of places where rats are not commonly found—under sofa-cushions, for instance, and between books in the book-case. And this reminds me of a case in which I was really conscience-stricken.

My master loves his books as much as my mistress her garden. He has a great collection of them, beautifully bound, and is forever pottering after them; and as I am always pottering after him, and can't bear to be out of his sight, of course I know them quite as well as he does himself. They are very pretty books, and they do taste so nice. I gnawed a bit of one of them accidentally, and was so pleased with it that I ate the whole back. It was one of ever so many—big ones, too, I believe called "Waverley Novels"—so of course it could not be missed, and I was thinking whether I should not try another when She came in.

"Oh, Johnny! what have you been doing?" And I think She nearly cried. "Johnny, your master will be so grieved at this. You *must* be whipped."

And whipped I was; and I own, for the first time in my life, I did dread the coming home of my master.

But, instead of looking angry, he only looked sorry, and told my mistress not to vex herself—put the book back in its place—said, "Poor Johnny! he wouldn't have done it had he known," and spent the evening in removing the other books out of my reach. That was all. Now, what do you think of my master? Is he not a—a Brick?

And it sometimes occurs to me that, after all, my mistress is not quite so bad as She seems: that She does not really hate me, and only wants to make me a good little dog, and a pleasure instead of a nuisance to myself and other people. She now and then looks very kindly at me, even when I pay her no attention at all, and says I am the prettiest dog in the parish (or the kingdom, I forget which, but it's all one), and that She should be so fond of me if I were only good. Perhaps I may be good some day—I don't know. It's a great deal of trouble.

Still, people do alter very much sometimes: take, for instance, me and my first enemy—the first rival introduced into the house—whom I hated with a violence which now seems quite ridiculous.

It was only a kitten—a very small, gentle, frightened little thing—which I don't suppose meant me any harm in the world. Still, I had never seen a kitten before; and this one was so very black—not a white hair upon it—and when you looked at it in the dark you saw nothing—absolutely nothing—except two green, fiery eyes glaring out at you, all by themselves, enough to make any respectable dog angry.

Then it was such a silly shape of an animal, not a bit like me; with short ears and the most ridiculous, long, thin tail. For all that, it could jump about any where, even on the table, where I would have given any thing to get to and couldn't. And it could climb trees—run up them as quick as lightning—while I had to stay barking at the bottom. Then the servants made such a fuss over it, and my mistress walked about with it sitting on her shoulder; and even my master condescended to look at it sometimes, and call it "a nice little thing." No wonder I felt furious; and for days—nay, weeks—I can truly say I did my best to make that kitten's life thoroughly miserable.

Yet she never ill-used me. She was such a gentle little kitten, poor dear—I may say that for her now—she never scratched me until I almost worried her to death; she was so patient, unobtrusive—she would never have got in my way at all if I had not so persistently attacked her. And even then her worst revenge used to consist of running up this tree I have spoken of—a big apple-tree on the lawn—from the height of which she would glower down at me, quite safe and independent, with her back up and her tail thrice as big as its natural size—as fierce as if she would have liked to eat me up—which, however, she didn't.

Of course this was all pretense, as doubtless she was admiring me all the time, and wanting to play with me; indeed, she told me so afterward, when I had condescended to make friends and to play with her. You see, I liked play, and I was so very hard up for companions that even a cat was better than nothing. And, as I said, she was such a gentle little cat—so sensible, too, in her way. When we got to conversation, instead of fighting, she used to explain to me all the amusing things about the garden—a large toad that lived in the strawberry-bed, a family of frogs who were very happy in the little pond, and, above all, the birds, which were endless fun.

Our garden is full of birds. They know they are never shot at, nor have their nests taken, so they come and build here year after year—robins, chaffinches, blackbirds, thrushes—and the nightingales, though they do not build there, sit and sing, and make an awful clatter all night long. During May and June they quite annoy me, and I bark at them incessantly, but they will not stop singing, which is very provoking.

Well, I and the kitten fraternized, especially on the subject of birds. I used to bark at them and make them fly off, and she ran up trees after them; sometimes she caught one, and then she always gave me a bit, or I took it from her and ate it myself. She could easily catch another, you know. And even when we caught nothing the pursuit was entertaining. There was one young water-wagtail—deserted by its parents—which used to hop about by itself on the lawn, where she and I led it a pretty life. We should have killed it over and over again, I am sure, if my mistress had not driven us away, scolding us severely, for She loved that little water-wagtail: why, I never could find out.

So, on the whole, we spent a happy summer—the kitten and I—and settled into downright friendship: quarreling sometimes—all friends do—but still making the best of one another. I remember even now how, when I had teased her till I was quite tired out—biting her ears and her tail, and even taking her bodily into my mouth and carrying her, she was so small—she would come and sleep beside me on the kitchen hearth, with her two paws affectionately round my nose. I believe she thought me the very nicest of dogs; and I am sure I was very kind to her.

We might have lived in harmony for many years but for something which happened. I suspect it was poison; for we have a farm close by, and I overheard our gardener saying they lay it for the rats. But one Sunday morning my kitten wouldn't play with me as usual. She told me she couldn't—that she felt very ill; but I refused to believe her, and thought it all sham, till she crept away and laid herself down on the lawn, writhing and moaning, where she remained hour after hour, no better, rather worse.

I don't like to think of it. It was such a sunshiny Sunday, the birds singing and hopping about, the bees so merry in the flower-beds. I could not much enjoy any thing, and I could not bear to come near my poor little kitten and see her suffering: so I went away to the other end of the garden, thinking what a nice little kitten she was, what good friends we had grown to be, and how often I had vexed her, and how, if only she had got better, I would never vex her any more.

Yet there she lay, making no fuss, and troubling nobody—only so very, very ill. The servants came often to look at her, seeming very sorry; and when I ran to meet my master and mistress coming in from church I overheard the parlor maid, half crying, tell them all about her—and my mistress went straight to see after her, and staid beside her for ever so long. The poor little thing seemed to know her voice, or the touch of her hand as She stroked her—for she painfully dragged herself a few inches or so and laid her head upon my mistress's feet. Then my mistress began to cry too.

But I won't write any more of this, for it makes me melancholy, and I am a little dog that likes to be merry. And besides, she had a happy life while she was here—my poor kitten—and every body was very fond of her.

They did all they could for her, but it was of no use. I doubt if any of the household ate much dinner that Sunday—I know nobody thought of giving me mine—but I should not have cared for it, I was too sorry. The last sight I saw was every body standing round the little cat—my master, mistress, and the servants—and some of them with exceedingly red eyes. I ran away to the far end of the garden, and when I came back my kitten was gone.

I have never seen her since. I hope she is content and comfortable somewhere, though I have not the slightest idea where; but the house seemed long empty without her, and I used to go looking about for her from room to room, wondering what had become of her, and thinking if only I could have her back to play with me for just ten minutes how very kind I would be to her, and how exceedingly nice it would be! And though I have had two kitten-friends since then—each pleasant enough in her way—and we have all gone through the same course of hating one another cordially at first, and gradually making it up till we live in perfect amity—still no kitten will ever be to me quite like the first one. She *was* the first one—and she loved me so.

But I got over every thing in time, and now I do believe I am the happiest dog in the world. Besides, I do not think I am quite as naughty as I used to be; I have ceased to see the fun of gnawing things to pieces, and hanging on to the tail of people's gowns, and trying to destroy every thing I can get at; and I am learning to do my duty as well as to amuse myself. When beggars come to the door I bark at them furiously; and the other day when I saw two great horses walk into our garden of their own accord, and begin eating the grass on the lawn, I flew at them as if I would have torn them in pieces, and frightened them so much that they immediately scampered away. At which my mistress praised and patted me so much that I thought I would try barking at the heels of our own pony next time it was brought down to the hall-door—which startled it so much that, if it had not been the best pony in the world, it would have run away and overturned the carriage. This time I got no praise, but was scolded for my pains, and told never to do the like again, which I do not at all understand, and think very hard.

But it is time to cease talking so much about myself, as I suppose there are other dogs in the world besides me; older dogs, too, who have seen a great deal of life, and had a great many adventures. All mine are to come; and I am sometimes very anxious that they should come, for I get a little tired of my quiet life; of my master and mistress—who are rather humdrum people after all, always stopping at home, and never taking me about with them, as I understand other dogs often are taken—and of the servants—who look so comfortable, and never quarrel—so that the only "rows" that ever happen in the house are between the cats and me.

All this is very uninteresting, and I wish I had something more remarkable to relate than my opinion of myself and of the people I live among—of whom the only person who has my entire and earnest approbation is my master. I am sure if you asked him he would say the same of me.

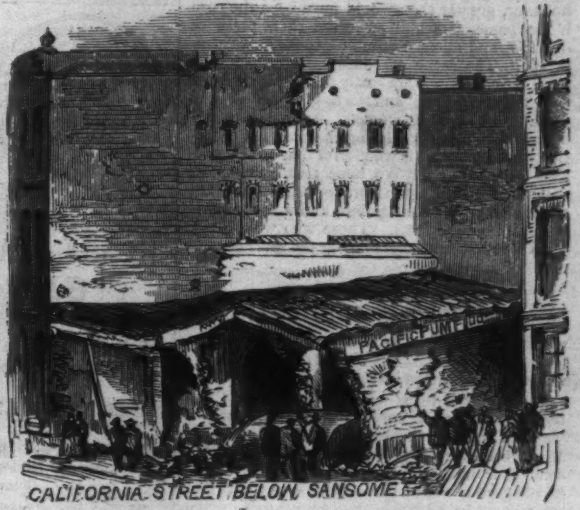
As to my mistress— But there She is! I am silent.

* * * * * *

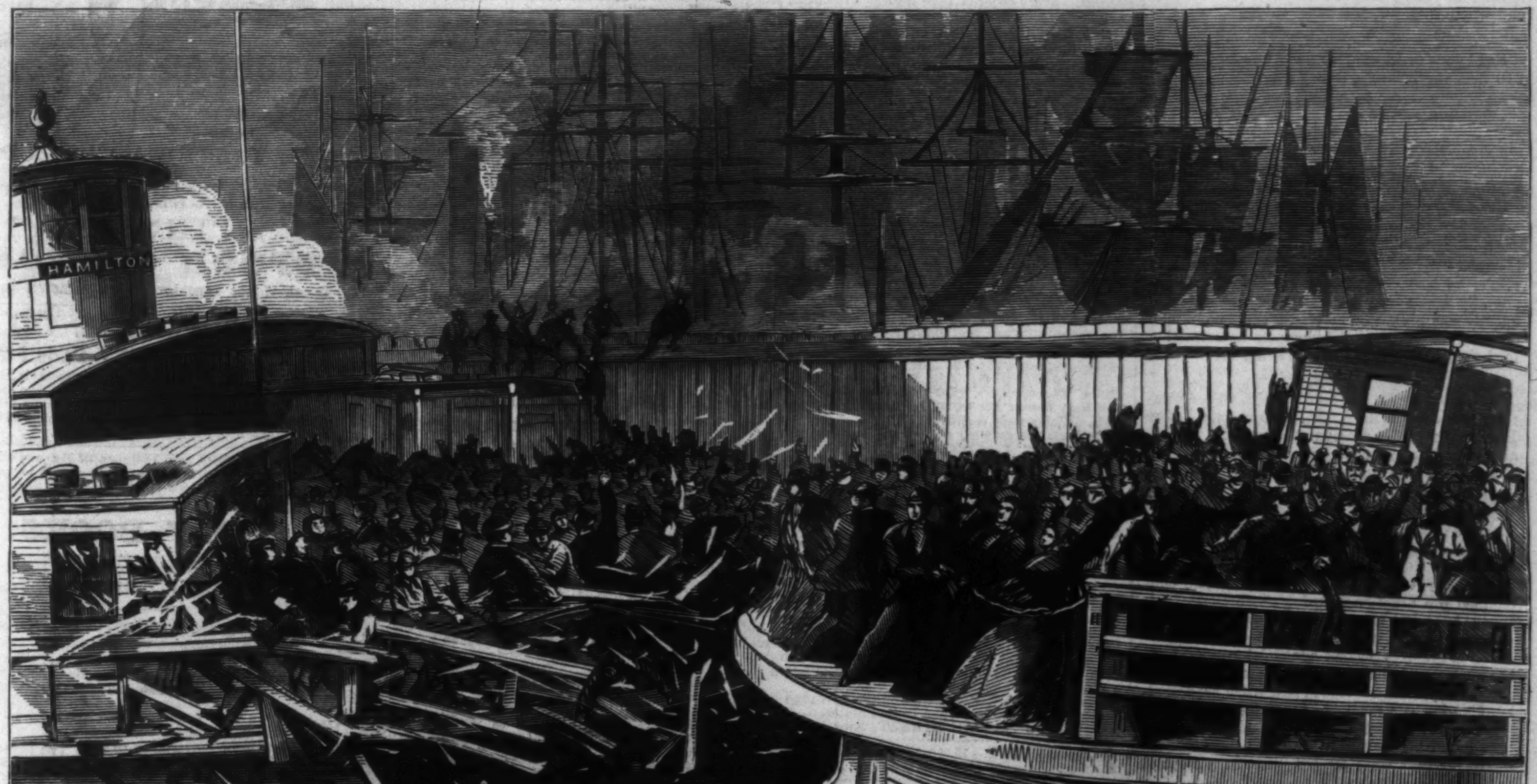
P.S. (Being his mistress's opinion of Johnny.) He is a pretty dog, and a clever dog, and a loving dog. As to his being a good dog—well, "he might be better and he might be worse." And for him—as for all young dogs and young things of every sort—"It's never too late to mend."

"I WAS HALF AFRAID OF IT."

"I USED TO BARK AT THEM, AND MAKE THEM FLY OFF."




EARTHQUAKE IN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, October 21, 1868.—[See Page 759.]




THE FULTON FERRY-BOAT COLLISION, November 14, 1868.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 766.]

## THE FULTON FERRY-BOAT COLLISION.

AT all times the East River is thronged with steamboats of every description — ferry-boats, river boats, and the Sound steamers. Every morning and every evening this crowd of boats reaches its thickest; and when we consider the frailty of machinery it is somewhat remarkable that accidental collisions are not of more frequent occurrence. No amount of vigilance can prevent occasional mishaps. But the disaster of November 14, of which we give an illustration on page 765, can not be looked upon as simply a mischance. When the utmost precaution can not prevent accident, then negligence and mismanagement become all the more criminal.

On the morning of the 14th, at half past seven o'clock, the Fulton ferry-boat *Hamilton*, with six hundred passengers on board, was entering her slip on the New York side, when she was run into by her colleague, the *Union*. The latter boat was on the point of starting out for Brooklyn as the *Hamilton* came up. The pilot of the latter was at breakfast, and it is evident that the man who was temporarily in charge of the wheel did not understand the nature of his duties, and managed to bring the boat into such a position that a collision became inevitable. A panic among the passengers on the *Hamilton* caused the portion of the boat nearest the *Union* to be crowded and depressed so that it passed under the larboard guards of the latter. A boy sitting upon the railing—JOHN B. BREWER—was instantly crushed and killed. The contact was on the side of the ladies' cabin, and seventeen persons were severely injured. The number of injuries was, however, greater than would have been the case if the passengers had preserved their presence of mind, and allowed space for those forward to escape. The scene of confusion which ensued upon the collision is not easily described; women shrieked and fainted, and the men displayed even more terror than the women. Under these circumstances, and considering the crowded condition of the boats, it is wonderful that so few persons were injured. We hope that this matter will not stop with the coroner's inquest. Let there be a rigid investigation, and a fearless exposure of all the facts. Those who were guilty of mismanagement should incur the severest penalties of the law.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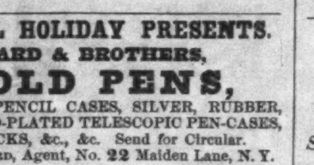

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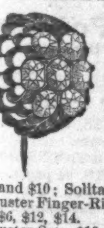

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